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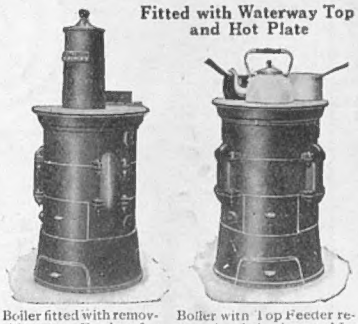
Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.
Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

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(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
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,, 5 16in. x 18in.	190	1¼ n.	5in.	£7 3 2
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,, 7 16in. x 30in.	250	1¼in	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5 ,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5 ,,	40	x 40	x 10
,, 6 ,,	12	x 56	x 8	,, 6 ,,	40	x 45	x 10
,, 7 ,,	12	x 64	x 8	,, 7 ,,	45	x 45	x 10

Or same cubical contents.

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By Appointment

By Appointment

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FOR LITTLE GIRLS' WEAR

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Size 18 inches	**52/6**
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This model is also to be had in plain white for the same price.

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The famous maximum silk holeproof which gives lasting wear, in Light Nude, Peach, Sunburn, Rose, Beige, Dark Nude, Mauresque, Ocre, Light Tan, Tinsel Silver, Silver Grey, Beaver, Nigger, Brown, Light Grey, Mid Grey, Black and White.
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Three pairs for 16/11
Also with extra wide ribbed top in Black, White and colours.
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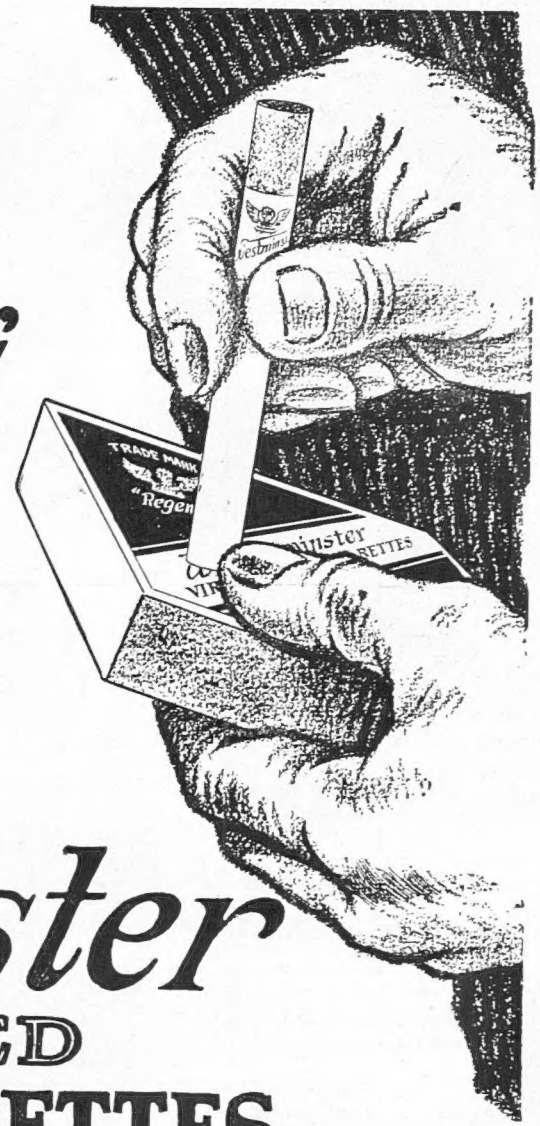
NO matter what brand you are now smoking, try a packet of Westminster Corktipped Virginia Cigarettes. The exquisite flavour of the high-grade Virginia tobacco from which *Westminsters* are made, will delight your palate. They have emphatic character—that indefinable, all-important quality.

They are not new—they have been smoked all over the Empire for many years—but new to England.



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ALSO IN 10s 50s 100s

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AT THE RACES
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THE
SMARTEST WATERPROOFS
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Light in Weight.
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A Marvel of Value.
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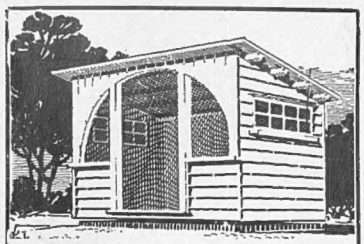

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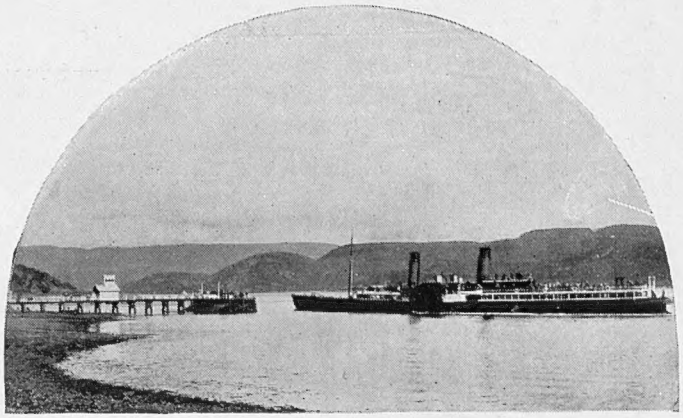

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If you ask a Glasgow man about 'the Coast,' he will tell you that 'the Coast' is the pride of Scotland. By 'the Coast' he means the Firth of Clyde, that fifty or sixty square miles of loch and fiord and island that run into one another, in and out like the paths of a maze.

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You have to go to Scotland—to Rothesay or Dunoon or Millport or Largs or Fairlie to get a Firth of Clyde holiday.

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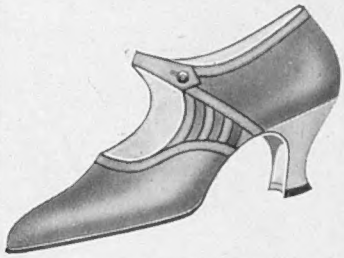
White Buckskin Shoe, Crepe Rubber Sole and Heel. Suitable for golf or country walking. Two fittings to each size, including half sizes.
Price **49/6**



Smart Model in **Oak Glacé,** with Champagne Heel and Strappings; excellent fitting.
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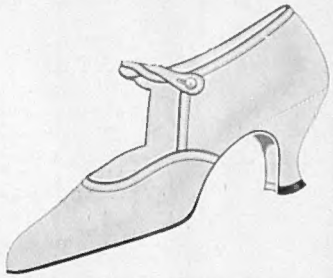
Price **49/6**



White Deerskin Bar Shoe with Kid Heel and Cross Strap, new Sandal cut; also in Beige Glace and Oak Antelope.
Price **65/9**
In Black Satin: Price **49/6**

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THE collar of this period, for the most part hidden beneath the heavy periwig, was pleated in front and formed mainly of lace.

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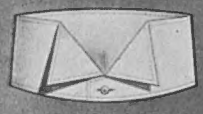

88

22

70

"KINGDUM" Collars are much favoured.

There is a superiority of make and finish that is evident—30 styles each distinctive in character and made four sizes to the inch.

Every shape is designed to harmonise with the slope of the shirt band and so *fit snugly.*

The Double Shapes have a natural Tie Groove which allows the Tie to slide freely.

10½d. each. Six for 5/-

You are invited to go into any of Meakers 25 London shops and try on as many "Kingdum" shapes as you wish.

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HEAD BRANCH:—37-38, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

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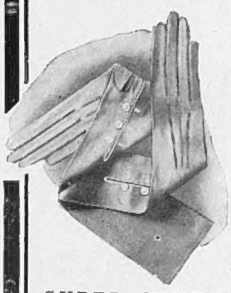
SUPERIOR QUALITY

GLOVES

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED

Made from reliable quality skins that can be thoroughly recommended for wear.



SUPER QUALITY SUEDE GLOVES (as sketch) made from carefully selected fine skins in all the newest pale and medium shades including Black and White. Elbow length.

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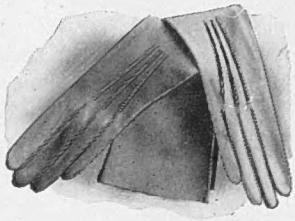
Turn elbow, **18/9** per pair.

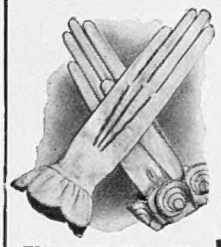
Twenty-two button, two skins, **23/9** per pair.

WASHABLE SUPER CHAMOIS LEATHER GLOVES (as sketch) made from the finest quality skins with elastic wrists. In White and Cream.

Price 9/11 per pair.

Also with two buttons, **7/11** per pair.





FINE WASHABLE SUEDE GLOVES (as sketch) made from carefully selected best quality skins, pull-on style. In Biscuit, Drab, Grey, Fawn and Sand.

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Sent on approval.

FINE KID GLOVES (as sketch) In White with Black sewing, also Black with White sewing.

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Debenham & Freebody

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"REYNIER" SUEDE GLOVES (as sketch), best quality, will wash well. In White, and all the newest colours.

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B176.—Pure Irish Linen Double Damask Table Cloths and Napkins. Design: Adams style. Can also be supplied in ornament, Empire style.

2 x 2 yards	... each	27/9
2 x 2½ "	... "	34/6
2 x 3 "	... "	41/6

NAPKINS TO MATCH

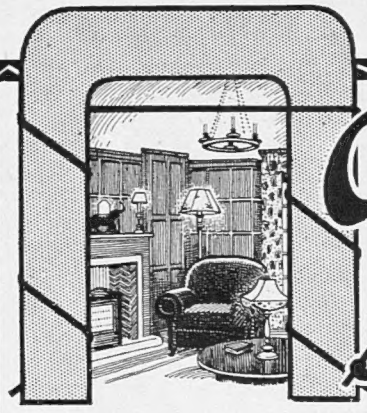
22 x 22 inches	... dozen	31/6
24 x 24 "	... "	36/6
26 x 26 "	... "	42/6

Our Catalogue No. 44T contains a wonderful assortment of quality Household Linens, and enables you to make your choice in your own home just as easy as if you were visiting one of our shops. Write for a copy with Samples post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.

Linen Manufacturers

LONDON **BELFAST** LIVERPOOL



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HOURS 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily (9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Sats.)

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Demonstrators, in attendance in every room, will show you the many and varied uses of electricity, and you can try for yourself any of the apparatus you are interested in.

Every housewife who wishes for more leisure should visit the "Magnet" Electric Home.

ADMISSION FREE.

Announcement of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

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For Summer Wear

These well-made Suits in Navy Blue with a faint White Silk stripe represent value quite unusual. A perfectly tailored suit to fit boys from 6 to 14 years.

ALL SIZES **25/6**

Better quality still, Navy or Grey with white pin stripe. First size **45/-** rising 9d. every size of 1 year.

PANAMA HATS
Each **6/11, 8/11** & **10/6**

Write for copy of Harrods new Brochure— 'Boys' & Girls' Wear.'

Harrods
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Miss Enid Stamp Taylor

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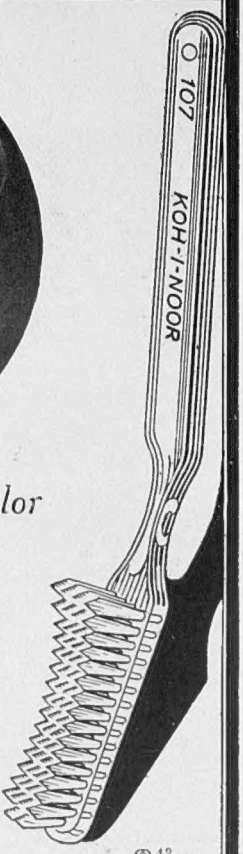

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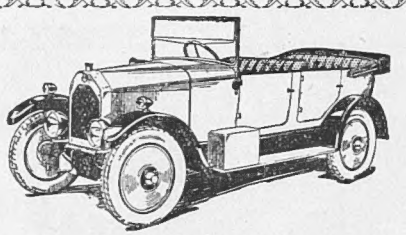

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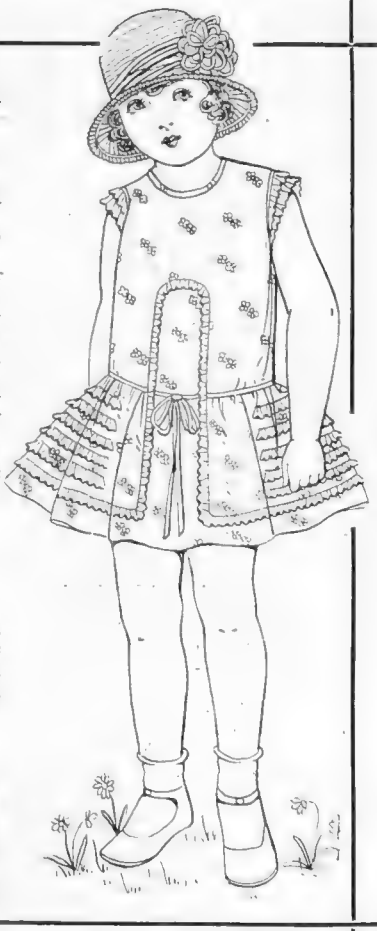

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JUNE 13, 1925.

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ORIGINAL 1 ACT PLAY
By NOEL COWARD. Illustrated by Bert Thomas

THE FUTURE OF MONARCHY
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LAUSANNE PALACE HOTEL. New Management.
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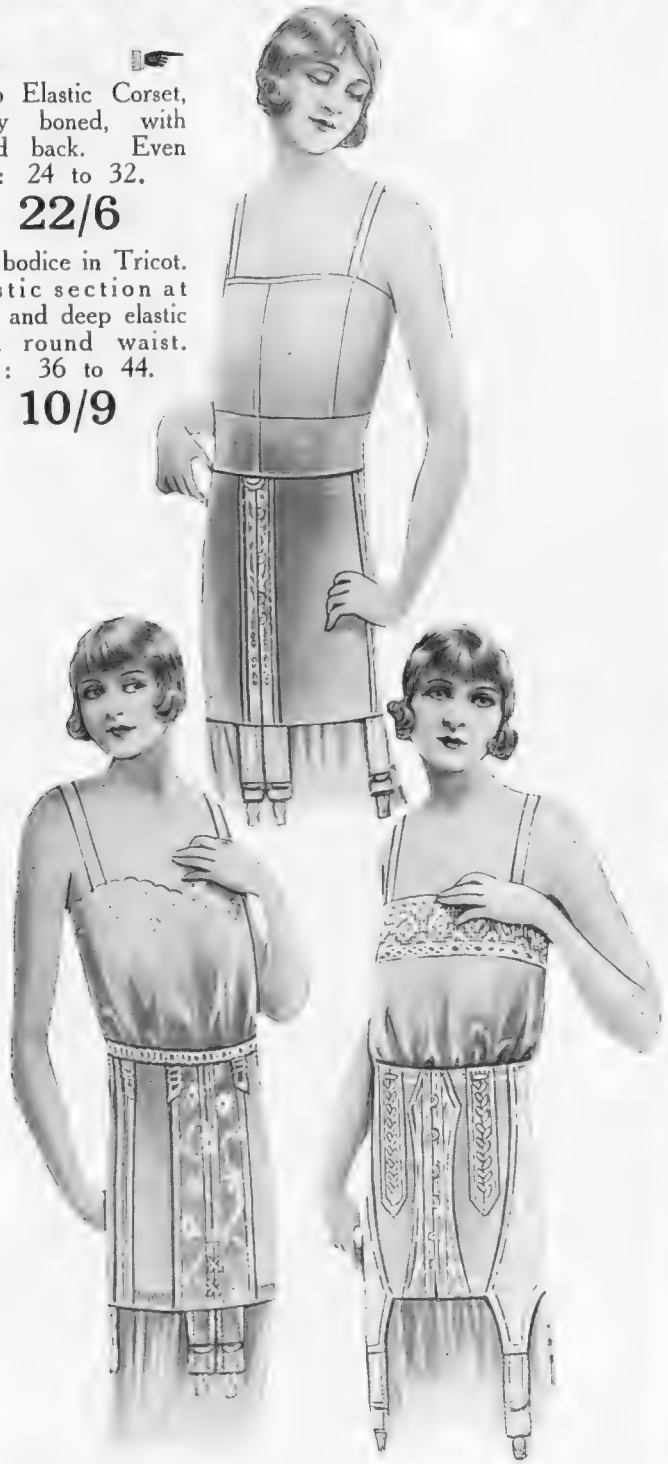

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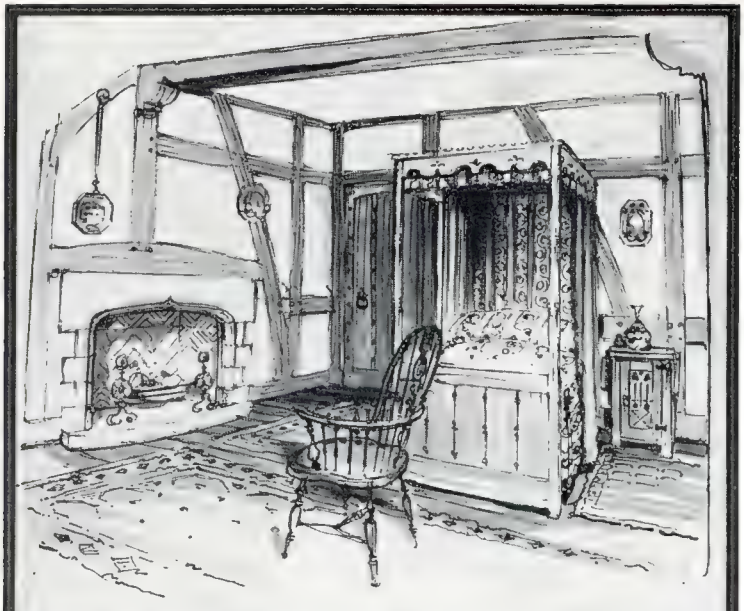

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The Bystander, June 17, 1925 No. 1124. Vol. LXXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Bertram Park

LADY ALEXANDRA CURZON

The youngest daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston by his first wife. She is to be married next month to Major E. D. Metcalfe, M.V.O., M.C., of Skinner's Horse, Indian Cavalry

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

THE MERMAID

The Artist and I

I HAVE a very deep regard for the Artist who illustrates these notes. He has a never-failing fund of humour, and his ingenuity is amazing. I am not saying this to please him, for that is the last thing I wish to do. I would like to hold his work up to ridicule, contumely and contempt, but, alas, honesty compels me to praise that which I am bursting to blame.

A Foul Blow

THE artist and I have quarrelled. He, my Damon, my Jonathan, has turned on me and dealt me a foul blow. He has complained that my comments do not lend themselves to the art of the illustrator. He says that I am enough to try the patience of a saint. He has gone further and hinted that unless I provide him with pegs on which to hang his pictures, he will no longer permit me to hitch my wagon to his star.

Pegs for Pictures

VERY well! Here goes: Winston Churchill, *wearing a new kind of hat* was seen riding in the Row with Lord Birkenhead, who was *smoking the inevitable cigar*. Mr. Stanley Baldwin, *with pipe*, looked up from his discussion with *clever young Mr. Noel Coward* to wave them a cheery greeting. Later in the day, I encountered *good old Steve Donoghue* at the Oval. He was enjoying a sparkling partnership by *the Surrey skipper* and *the one and only Jack Hobbs*, each of whom had hit *Maurice Tate* to the boundary seven times in one over. By the way, *Lord Derby* has offered to sell *Bootle* to the *Liverpool Corporation* for *a million pounds*, and both *George Grossmith* and *Joe Coyne* are still appearing in *No, No, Nannette*. Long live *the King*—and *the Queen*—and the *Prince of Wales*.

Terribly Standardised

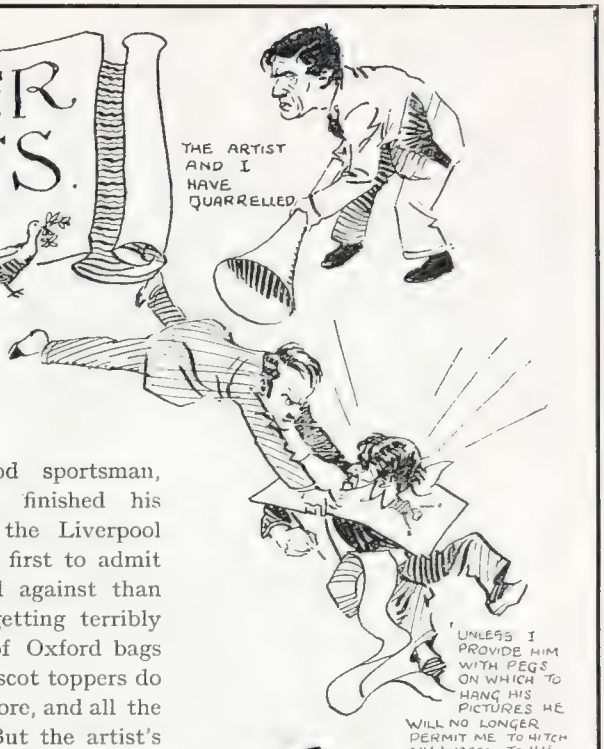
THE artist is a good sportsman, and when he has finished his pictures of Bootle and the Liverpool Corporation he will be the first to admit that I am more sinned against than sinning. Everything is getting terribly standardised. One pair of Oxford bags looks very like another. Ascot toppers do not vary so greatly as of yore, and all the girls look alike to me. But the artist's principal foe is the wireless, with its appeal to the ear rather than to the eye. Wireless fans talk in terms of wave-lengths and howls, but who ever saw pictures of such latter-day phenomena? And when you have shown Aunt Maggie, complete with ear-phones, what remains to be drawn? Very little, believe me!

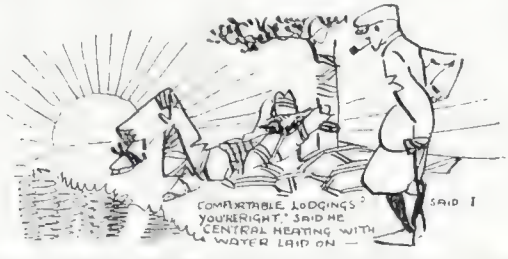
If The Horse Could Speak

THE poor old horse gets such a thin time of it upon our highly polished highways that the Olympia show provides us with a welcome opportunity to do him honour. When we find motorists squealing about the surface of the new arterial roads, we can imagine what the horse would have to say about them if he could only put his thoughts into words. The International Show is due on the 22nd inst., and if an Englishman carries off King George's Gold Cup he will not only be happy himself but he will make us happy too-oo-o.

Youth and Age

COMES a timely plea for the young man from the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade. The experience of age is a valuable asset, but the enthusiasm of youth is an equally potent driving force where big industrial undertakings are concerned. It





would be a graceful act on the part of our older directors if they would retire in favour of younger men, yet still assist in a friendly, advisory capacity. I think that if I were growing old it would give me a good deal of pleasure to share my job with a younger man. He would enjoy the additional responsibility, just as I should appreciate additional leisure, and, over a friendly pipe, we could swap ideas to our mutual benefit.

A Gilbertian Situation

Out of our modern traffic problem has emerged a truly Gilbertian situation. Fifty per cent. of motorists are blamed for driving too fast, while the other half don't drive fast enough. Between the speeders and the crawlers is a handful of drivers who do the right thing, but their numbers are so insignificant that we needn't consider them. Myself, I would like to see the police organise a speed week, during which prizes would be offered for the best times recorded on the Great West Road, and any taxi-driver passing along the Strand at a speed of less than six miles an hour would be hanged by the neck till he was dead!

A Cricket Competition

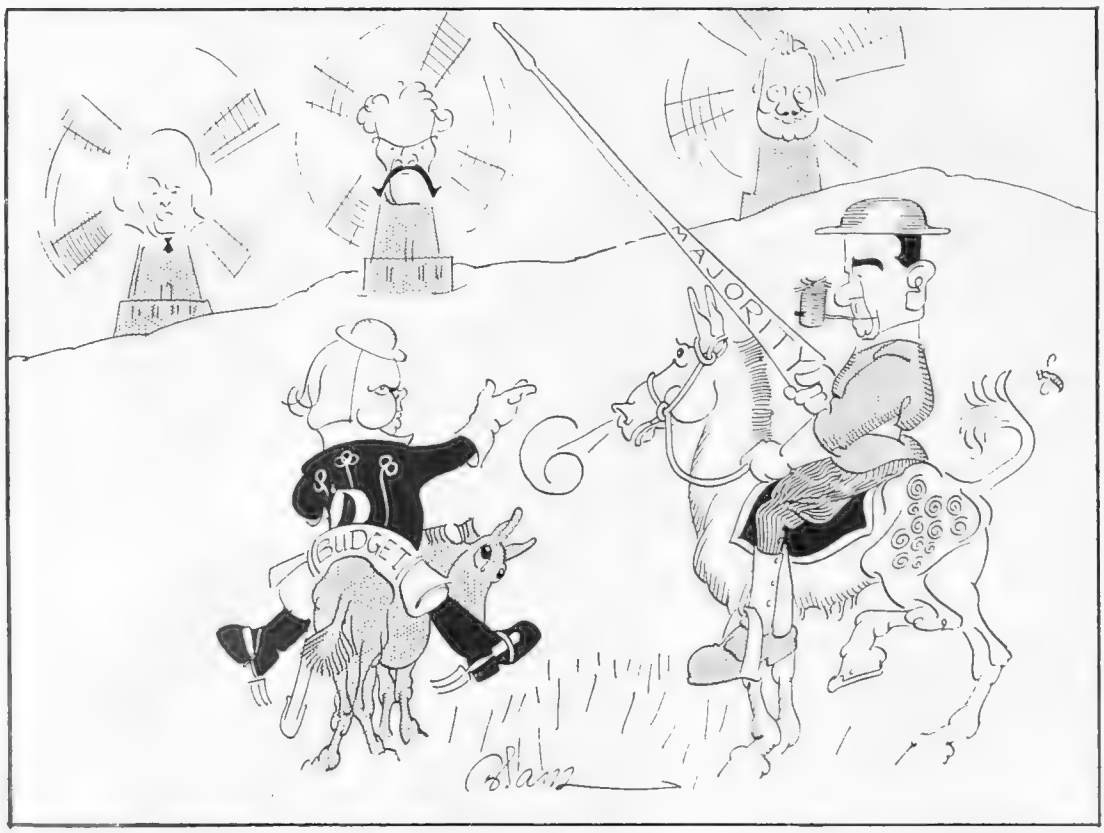
Which is the most interesting county engaged in the cricket championship—and why? A symposium on this subject would make interesting reading, and, in the event of a popular vote being taken, I fancy the winner would be found nearer the bottom than the top of the table. When Middlesex played Sussex my sympathies were with the losing team, and although Warwickshire were rolled out flat by Yorkshire my heart went out to N. E. Partridge, who sent one over the Edgbaston pavilion. Among the leaders, Surrey would probably poll the most votes, for they have a quite light-hearted way of dodging defeat even when they don't win.

The Happy Tramp

Passing through rural England upon my lawful occasions, I came upon a tramp sitting beside a stream in the bright sunlight. "Comfortable lodgings!" said I. "You're right!" said he. "Central heating *and* water laid on!"

Who's Who?

A Wembley visitor makes the old complaint that he cannot recognise half the distinguished people he meets in London. This complaint he follows up with a rather ingenious suggestion. He asks that every personal paragraph in *Who's Who* should be numbered, and that the publishers should send a button bearing a corresponding number to each distinguished individual included in that mighty work of reference. This button would be worn as a motor-car wears its registration plate, and identification would be an easy matter. Incidentally, the increased circulation of *Who's Who* would cover the expense involved, and everyone would be happy. Well, why not?



THE BATTLE OF THE "WIND" MILLS
Conservative cavalry leaders in conference

By Blam

A Splendid Corps

My sympathies are with Major Fielden, adjutant of the Corps of Commissionaires, who was "horrified" at the discovery that five members of the Corps had abused the trust placed in them. London has learned to respect these excellent men, and it would be a thousand pities if we allowed our confidence in them to be shaken by the Portsmouth incident. I should have been sorry for the delinquents if they had been tried by a jury of their fellow commissionaires!

At Bristol

Bristol is properly proud of the fine new tower to her University which the King opened last Tuesday, but I am wondering if it will ever look quite so imposing as it did before its marvel of scaffolding was dismantled. Passing through the city in the early days of the new year, I stopped to marvel at the patience and ingenuity required to make the dream of the architect come true, and I fancy the builders must have removed *their* masterpiece with feelings of profound regret. Has the beauty of scaffolding ever been sung by a fully qualified poet? Come, Mr. Kipling!

What Every Wise Child Knows

Hay fever is not the sort of sickness you catch from proximity to open drains. Hence, after those high-pressure blasts of hot-air from the pulpit, Mr. Noel Coward's choice of this mild seasonal complaint as a title for his new play at the Ambassadors Theatre seems to have more in it than meets the eye. But the possibility of a successful playwright collecting all this *réclame* from the fact that his new production is "as clean as a whistle" seems, at first sight, a little strange. Yet, after all, it is only what every wise child knows—that if only you are naughty enough, the change to dull good behaviour reaps a reward out of all proportion to the effort required.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

The Midnight Matinee

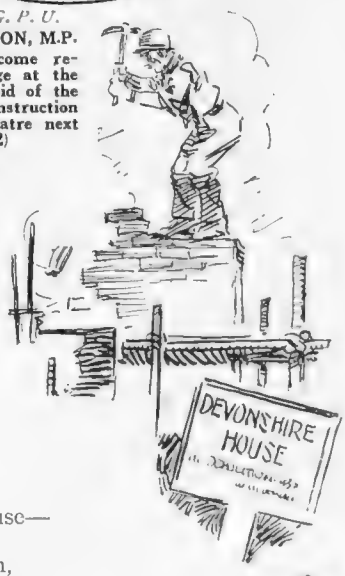
"MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL'S FALLING DOWN"

I DUNNO wot's 'appening to London,
It's fairly going to 'Ell.
Old St. Paul's is cracked in the Dome,
And Waterloo Bridge as well.
Devonshire 'Ouse has vanished,
The Strand isn't quite the same,
And Middlesex 'Orspital's falling down—
Ain't it a blinking shame!

Waterloo Bridge is rocky,
But that don't matter to me,
I can always walk over Hungerford Bridge,
Or Westminster Bridge,
Or Blackfriars Bridge—
There's plenty of bridges, you see.
But Middlesex 'Orspital's falling down,
The best little 'orspital in the town,
And if Middlesex 'Orspital goes and falls down
What's going to 'appen to me?

G. P. U.

MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON, M.P.
Who is making a welcome re-appearance on the stage at the "Midnight Matinée" in aid of the Middlesex Hospital reconstruction fund at the Apollo Theatre next Monday (June 22)



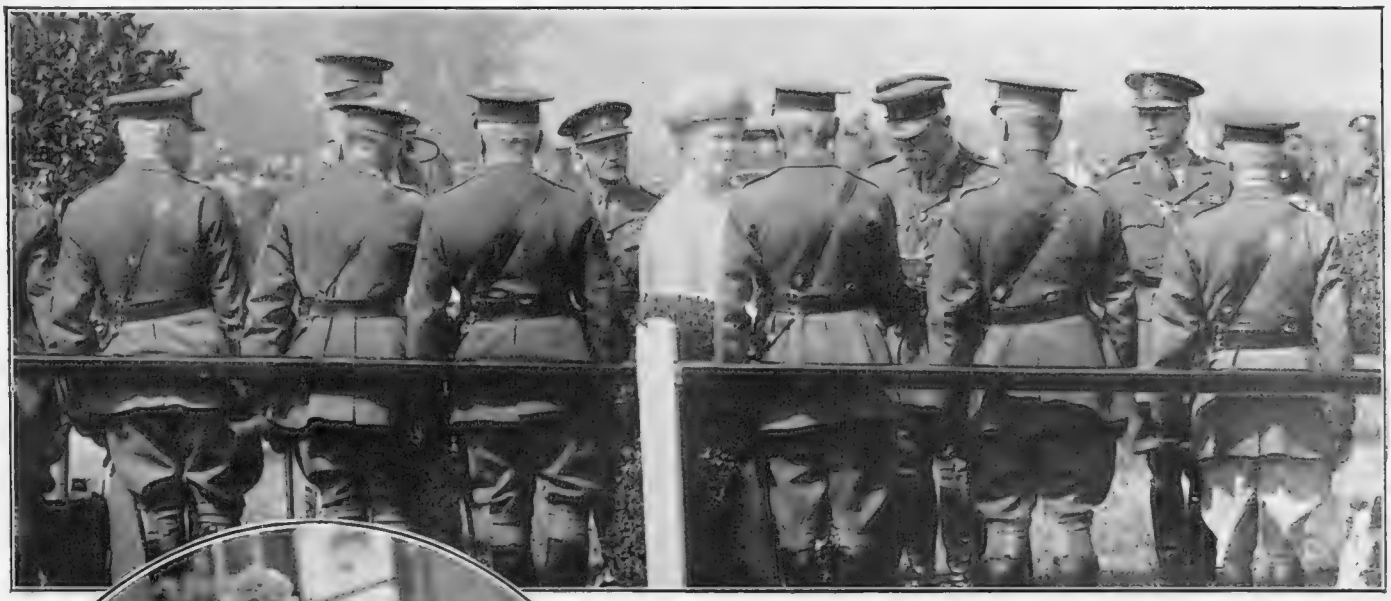
Devonshire 'Ouse is vanished,
There isn't a chimney to see.
But there's Grosvenor 'Ouse,
And there's Rowton 'Ouse,
And Princess Mary's got Chesterfield 'Ouse—
There's plenty of 'ouses, you see.
But Middlesex 'Orspital's falling down,
It's grimy, and dirty, and ugly and brown,
And if Middlesex 'Orspital goes and falls down
What's going to 'appen to me?

They've tore the guts out of the Circus;
The flower girls no longer you see.
But there's Oxford Circus
And Cambridge Circus,
And into the bargain there's Sanger's Circus,
And every Christmas Olympia Circus—
So there's plenty of circuses—see!
But Middlesex 'Orspital's falling down.
So bung 'em a dollar, or 'alf-a-crown,
For if Middlesex 'Orspital goes and falls down
What's going to 'appen to me?

The above lines, especially written by Mr. Reginald Arkell for the "Midnight Matinée" at the Apollo Theatre, June 22, are to be recited by Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P. (Miss Mabel Russell).

MRS. IAN BULLOUGH *G. P. U.*

Affectionately remembered as Miss Lily Elsie, who is making a brief visit to the stage at the Middlesex Hospital "Midnight Matinée" at the Adelphi next Monday



AT THE ALDERSHOT REVIEW *Central News*

The Queen chatting to members of the Staff after the arrival of their Majesties for the Army review recently held on Laffan's Plain. Aeroplanes flying in massed formation, tanks, artillery and cavalry, as well as twenty battalions of infantry took part in the proceedings

Central News

A WEST COUNTRY WELCOME

The King and Queen acknowledging the cheers of the Bristol crowds on their visit to that city. His Majesty opened the new University building, the gift of Sir George Wills and his brother, the late Mr. H. H. Wills

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

had a concert on Monday night, the Hon. Lady Lloyd-Mostyn, and Lady Leigh, and the Austrian Minister each gave one on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday afternoon there were two, one at Mrs. Beveridge's in Wilton Crescent, the other at Lady Linlithgow's in Chesham Place. Towards the end of the month Lady Queenborough is giving a concert in Berkeley Square. Mr. Dettmar Dressel, the violinist, is in great request at most of these concerts, but found time to give a delightful concert of his own at the Æolian Hall on Thursday afternoon.

Then the demand for seats for the

The King and Queen at Windsor

THE King and Queen have not had much rest during their stay at Windsor. Two days were especially busy—those of the visits to Stoke and to Bristol—and in the great heat must have been fatiguing. But the Potteries were delighted, especially by the King's elevation of Stoke-on-Trent to the rank of a city; and Bristol, too, gave their Majesties an enthusiastic greeting. Then there was the visit to Aldershot for the review, so there were only a few days of quiet before the Ascot gaieties and entertaining this week.

A Welcome Return

SINGERS and musicians should be rejoicing this season, for the old musical parties are coming back to favour—*musicales* as they used to be called when people liked to powder French names over everything. Lady Fitzgerald set the example early in the season with a concert at Bute House, with which Princess Mary was so delighted that she announced her intention of giving some musical parties herself. Last week Mrs. Emile Mond

THE "ORDER" OF THE DAY *N. P. A.*

The Prince of Wales, with an academic, albeit light-hearted, escort at Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, in the Eastern Province, while on his South African tour. He is seen wearing the cross of some resplendent order—spoof variety—conferred on him by the students

Opera, I hear, has been unprecedented, on some nights the house being absolutely sold out, so music seems to be looking up all round.

The Final Touches

THEY were feverishly busy all last week giving the final touches at Ascot, and the flowers, I hear, will this year beat all previous records. Everything that is painted had a fresh coat, and the grass in the Enclosure looked as if that had been painted too, so green and smooth was it.

Hay Wrightson

A GUARDS' WEDDING

Mr. Patrick C. H. Grant (Scots Guards) and his bride Mary, daughter of the late Major E. S. Gooch and Mrs. Gooch of Tor Castle, Inverness-shire. They were married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

One Point of View

FOR some time past the matrimonial differences between a highly-placed couple have been so well known that they have practically ceased to be talked about. After some twenty years of double harness, the husband's affections have gone to another lady who is seventeen years his wife's junior. He has made no secret to his wife and other people that he wishes her to divorce him in order that he may marry the other lady. The wife refuses to take any action.

The matter cropped up at dinner the other night. The point of view put forward by one of the women there seemed to me exceedingly interesting. Somebody said that as the couple were practically separated, and the husband openly spent much of his time with the other lady, they thought that divorce would be not only wise on the wife's part, but dignified, as it would relieve her of what was actually a repeated public insult.

"I think the wife is quite right," said the woman I have mentioned. "Why should she give up her position and her title to this girl? If she divorced her husband, all the work she has done on the estates for twenty years would end. The other woman would reign in the house where she has been queen paramount, and be mistress of all the beautiful things she has cared for so long. And perhaps the other woman's children would be in the nurseries where her own children were brought up. Perhaps if she could make the other woman the co-respondent and so damn her socially she might consider divorce, but if she did that, you and I and everybody else know that the husband would only give her the bare alimony allowed by the law. He would make terms if she agreed to the usual hotel business. No, she's right to stick to what she's got and keep the other woman out of it."

That's one point of view, certainly.

MISS ZOË MAUND

One of this Season's débutantes, who is to be presented at their Majesties' Court on June 25

Bassano

THE HON. MR. AND MRS. THOMAS ASHTON

The Hon. Thomas Ashton, only surviving son of Lord and Lady Ashton, of Hyde, and his bride, Marjorie, daughter of the Hon. Marshall and Mrs. Brooks, of Tarporley, Cheshire. They were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

FLAMING JUNE BEHAVES FOR "MAYS" *I.B.*

A general view of the Bumping races on the opening day of Cambridge May week, when last week's glorious June sun was on its best behaviour—to match that of the undergrads, one presumes

The Theatrical Garden Party

THAT pleasant function the Theatrical Garden Party, which, as all good BYSTANDER readers know, is in aid of the Actor's Orphanage, will be held in the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea, on June 30. There will, of course, be the usual genial mixture of Stage and Society, and the side-shows promise to be as amusing as ever. In addition, THE BYSTANDER is to provide an amusing diversion in the shape of a mysterious "Bystander Man," who will have some quaint means of identification about him. Anyone who recognises him and asks for a copy of THE BYSTANDER will receive a present of a one pound note in addition to the copy of this journal.

The Chenil Galleries

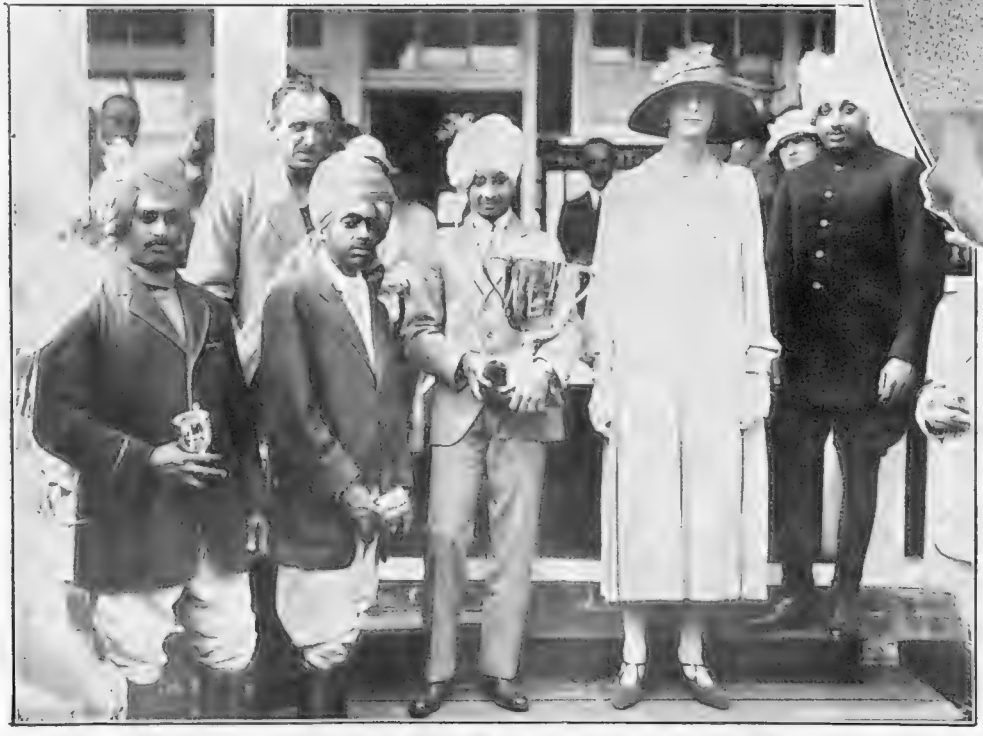
IT was only meet and fitting that Chelsea, which long ago out-distanced St. John's Wood as the art centre of London, should have its own Gallery. Twenty years ago a small gallery—the Chenil Gallery—was opened in the King's Road, Chelsea, to give young and promising artists wall space, which was beyond their means in the West-End galleries, for the exhibition of their works. Sir William Orpen, Augustus John, Ambrose McEvoy, Eric Gill, James D. Innes, Mark Gertler, and G. L. Brockhurst all held their first "one-man shows" there.

From the success of this little gallery sprang the idea of a gallery which could be used for the expression of other arts besides that of painting—music and literature, for instance. But the War placed the scheme in a pigeon-hole. Now, in the New Chenil Galleries, Chelsea has an art centre of its own, and instead of heart-breaking attempts to get their pictures

Alfieri

IN THE SUNSHINE AT RANELAGH

Mrs. Kreuse, Mrs. Victor Adamson, Mr. T. Mills and Mrs. C. Mills at the Ranelagh Pony Show



A VICTORY FOR THE VISITORS *W. A. Rouch.*

Jodhpur won the Open Challenge Cup at Roehampton by beating Templeton in the final round by thirteen goals to seven. The victorious team is here seen with the Duchess of Sutherland, who presented the Cup, and the Maharajah of Jodhpur who received it, at the conclusion of the game

into West End galleries, the young men and women who live in that old-world region, and, incidentally wear such odd clothes and hair, have the certainty of their work being seen.

The new galleries are on the site of the original Chelsea Arts Club, and one of the galleries actually incorporates the original dining and billiard room of the Club, which was decorated by Whistler. The largest gallery was not long ago Mr. Augustus John's studio. The object of the galleries is "to draw together and focus up the manifold artistic and intellectual activities for which our old Thames-side village is justly renowned." And it looks as if the object will succeed. There is to be an art training school and, later on, a small repertory theatre. And the budding genius of Chelsea will ultimately have the chance of good food from a restaurant in the Galleries which will have a silver grill.

L. N. A.

A DAINTY DUO

Miss Joan Bickley on "Dainty" at the opening day of the Richmond Horse Show in the Old Deer Park

L. N. A.

NOSE GAY

Miss Betty Langston with "Bay Boy," suitably adorned after carrying off 1st prize in Class V of the Children's Ponies, at the Richmond Horse Show

British Illustrated

"LE FIVE O'CLOCK" AT LE TOUQUET

Miss Alastair McCormick (left), Miss Barbara Wright, Miss Edith Haas, the Hon. Mrs. Melton Astley and Lord Michelham in a sunny scene at Le Touquet

At Ranelagh

It was odd last Wednesday to see the front and sides of the pavilion at Ranelagh, from which distinguished folk look at the polo, all screened in, and the blinds drawn down in the windows. A dark green curtain hung across the side giving on the polo ground. All this was arranged so that the Maharanee of Jodhpur might watch the match between the team the Maharajah has brought over from India and the Templeton team.

The Maharanee lives in purdah, and therefore may never be seen by men. Hence the elaborate precautions at Ranelagh. From the outside it was impossible to see whether anybody was in the pavilion or not. Although closely veiled, the Maharanee reached the pavilion completely hidden by a sort of yellow silken umbrella. Immediately she entered, the curtains of the awning over the steps were drawn, and two Indian attendants took up their position in front of the opening.

The Jodhpur and Templeton match, as well as the Eaton and Eastcott match, brought a lot of people, but the polo pony show and the driving and jumping competitions brought even more, with the result that the motor park was one solid block of vehicles, and they stretched, too, in long lines down the drive.

The polo was even more exciting than usual, the pace of some of the Jodhpur players almost taking one's breath away. Next week should see the gardens at Ranelagh in their perfection; two huge beds of delphiniums by the croquet ground especially, should be things of beauty.

W. Dennis Moss

A LEDBURY OCCASION

Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Allbright, Mrs. Ian Bullough (who is to make a welcome re-appearance on the stage at the Middlesex Hospital "Midnight Matinee," at the Apollo Theatre next Monday), Mrs. Romer Williams and Major Ian Bullough (Master of the Ledbury) at the Ledbury Hunt Puppy Show

English Theatricals at Geneva

MEMBERS of the English colony in Geneva paid a charming and also a helpful compliment a little while ago to Mlle. Borsinger de Baden, the sister of the First Secretary to the Swiss Legation in London. Mlle. Borsinger runs a home in Geneva for little babies whose mothers are dead, or too ill to rear them, entirely at her own expense, and with whatever help she can get from friends. In order to provide for a sudden claim upon the care of this infants' hospital, Mrs. Harold Butler, the wife of the Deputy Director of the International Labour Office, which is a department of the League of Nations, arranged some amateur theatricals at the Comédie Theatre at Geneva. Three plays were given, the actors and actresses mostly being connected with the League of Nations; one was a French curtain-raiser; another the ever-green *A Sister to Assist 'Er*, and the third a charming fantasy, *Masquerade*, which was played for the first time. It was written by Mr. and Mrs. Hilary St George Saunders who are both members of the Secretariat of the League, and had a great success.

Topical

THE DRINK PROBLEM

Miss Gladys Cooper solves the problem in the hot weather by patronising her own ice-cream fountain booth at the Grosvenor House Garden Party

Ministering Children's League

ONE of the biggest garden fêtes given in London for many years takes place next Tuesday, June 23, at Fulham Palace, in aid of the Ministering Children's League Homes for Boys and Girls at Ottershaw. The Queen, who is patron of the League, has sent a variety of things to be sold, with a gracious message wishing the fête success, and Princess Beatrice will perform the opening ceremony. There are to be all sorts of attractions, including the appearance of many leading actors and actresses.

The League was founded by the late Countess of Meath and Bishop Ridgeway for the purpose of teaching children unselfishness as a practical ideal. It is affiliated to the Boy Scout, Girl Guides, and Girls' Friendly Society, and does admirable work amongst children. Its Homes for Boys and Girls at Ottershaw need money, so if you want to help the League go to the fête. Tickets, 1*s*. each, may be obtained from Mrs. Ronald Burrows, 57 (M. C. L.), Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

THREE "SHY'S"— *L. N. A.*

The china-shy stall at the Grosvenor House Garden Party in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and three of the "shy" ones: Mrs. McGrath (Rosita Forbes), Mrs. Kenneth Williamson and Miss V. Bulkeley-Johnson

Topical

— AND ONE FOR LUCK

Lady Brecknock waiting her turn at the coconut shies at Hampst—— sorry—Grosvenor House Garden Party

SOME DOGGY PEOPLE *G. P. U.*

Mrs. D. Cox, Lady Kitty Vincent, Mrs. Robson (standing), Mrs. Rex Walker and Mrs. Cecil Wright at the Bucks, Berks & Oxon. Canine Association Championship Dog Show at Home Park, Windsor

THE ART OF IDLENESS

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Oxford lads"

LONDON, *June* 15

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT a jolly life it would be, wouldn't it, if we were all like a certain Leading Figure in the Labour World? Who, being invited the other day to a dinner or banquet to his so-called leader, Ramsay Mac., promptly refused with lofty gesture of horror and scornery. Simply couldn't dream, he cried indignantly, of countenancing or conniving at any of this sort of idle feasting or vain frivolity when there was so much unemployment about.

RATHER reminds me, his philosophy does, of yet another Labour man I met once in the wintertime and rashly remarked that I hoped there was going to be a regular old-fashioned frost. Whereupon he gave me a regular old-fashioned look, not to say scowl, and proceeded to utterly squash, wither, and blight me for my heartless words. Didn't I realise, he reprovingly hissed, what terrible distress all this nice ice and snow would mean to those who couldn't afford a ration of Wallsend, and how awful it would be for the people who slept out in the parks?

ACCORDING to which line of argument, though, it must be just as wicked to wish for real blazing sunshine, because it's so fearfully trying for the poor who are pent up in London slums. Or to pray for rain, as they actually sometimes do, even in the churches, when there are so many who aren't rich enough to buy umbrellas or raincoats, or even proper soles to their shoes. General conclusion being, I suppose, that the only really right and desirable thing would be a kind of everlasting grey dead level, with temperature fixed by law at, say, 50 degrees, and nothing in the least exciting ever happening, either way. . . . and, by the way, come to think of it, that's just about what Socialism *would* amount to more or less all round, wouldn't it, if it ever happened? (Except, of course, for a bit of blood-red massacring *à la Russe* to begin with, but that's by the way.)

TROUBLE about all these oh-so-rigidly virtuous, stony-eyed ones being, *n'est-ce-pas*, that they've, somehow, quite failed to absorb or assimilate the simple, but immemorial, axiom that it takes all sorts to make a world. And as a writer in that quite too fascinating Oxford paper, *The Cherwell*, remarks, "Go to the sluggard, thou ant," is every bit as good a piece of advice as the other way round, and might do the ants quite a remarkable lot of good if they'd only seriously set about it. Also advocates, this expert does, starting a School of Sloth, so as to teach us how to be properly idle, even about our pleasures.

A GREAT and neglected study, in sooth, methinks, the Art of True Idleness, and the most difficult of all to attain anything like perfection at—which is one reason, perhaps, why from earliest youth we're so diligently discouraged from learning it. And most specially hard to practise, meseems, just at this particular mid-Season moment as ever is. When we've simply *got* to work terribly hard at all our parties and pleasures and things so as to get through the programme.

LAST week, for instance, the Richmond Horse Show, and those seven hundred odd stern rebutters of idle hours, the English Folk Dance Society, around the Serpentine, and a thousand or more performers in the big Wimbledon Pageant and Fair in the lovely grounds of Princess Wiasemsky's house. Where, despite that main opening topic of polite conversation—the Heat Wave, there were strenuous dances on the green, a pavane written by Henry VIII (who cares, anyway!) and all ye fun of ye fayre as a Tudor village knew it, including stocks, village pump, and ye King's Head Arms.

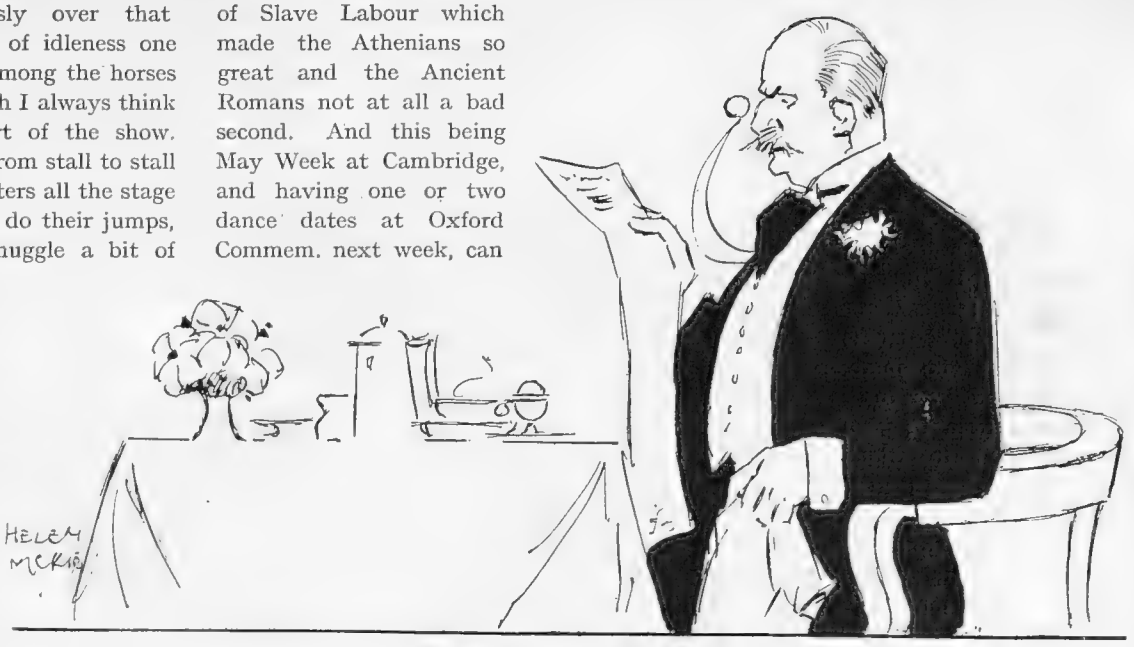
THIS week, there is Ascot, when you positively must take your frocks, anyway, quite seriously and—well, no one in their wildest dreams would ever think of calling it exactly restful—what? Though even there idle moments are to be snatched by the really skilful, and at Ranelagh and Hurlingham and Roehampton quite possible to cultivate to a distinctly fine point the greatest of all Arts. Could be done, too, at next week's Wimbledon, if you don't worry too much about the lawn tennis—though must say that vast arena, like the Colosseum at Rome, where you're always expecting to see Christians turn up one side of the net and lions on the other, is a shade harrowing to the M.A.I., or Master (likewise Mistress), of the Art of Idling.

THEN there's the Horse Show, too, next week—quite possible to idle

"Encourage young children to lick the butter off their bread"

serenely and gloriously over that What delightful hours of idleness one can spend wandering among the horses behind the scenes, which I always think is easily the best part of the show. When you float along from stall to stall and meet at close quarters all the stage favourites before they do their jumps, and even, perhaps, smuggle a bit of sugar or something along to each.

WHICH reminds me, wonderful circus there's also going to start next week in the Wembley Stadium, complete with 250 horses, not to mention hounds, elephants, bears, and stags. And a stag hunt's been arranged



"Parents to pay their bills"

IT'S one of the (many) advantages of being idle, isn't it? I mean, at least you aren't utterly a victim to what someone has, I believe, called the English Obsession—"It's a fine day—let's go and kill something." Though, *au fond*, I believe we really are the kindheartedest of persons . . . look at the way we build palatial homes to keep our lunatics alive, and preserve to a good old age all the people who are suffering from painful and incurable diseases, and all that sort of thing.

ANY amount of committees for which purposes are being formed every day, with lots of all the best titled people on them, and funds simply pouring in — though I notice, according to Lord Haig, there are quite a good many thousands of war heroes who don't seem to be quite so well looked after. Some of the Idlers, perhaps, help *them* in their own quiet way. . . .

THE Art of Idling, or how to be artistically idle—am inclined to think, aren't you, dear cousin, that there are very few real exponents thereof, unless it be at the aforesaid University of Oxford (and also, of course, Cambridge)? Where, more than anywhere else in these degenerate days, they have developed to quite a science, as far as it can be modernly done, the system of Slave Labour which made the Athenians so great and the Ancient Romans not at all a bad second. And this being May Week at Cambridge, and having one or two dance dates at Oxford Commem. next week, can speak particularly feelingly and apropos-like on this topic, can't we—what?

SIMPLY everything is done for them, these fortunate young men, isn't it, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof—all the rough work, I mean. Scouts to save meals, dons to see they do their work (if any), Amalgamated Clubs, as they call them, to fix up all their games—and parents to pay their bills. And what's the result? I ask you! A sort of Ideal State (as their friend Plato would put it), wherein it's possible, unless they're *very* perversely minded, to put in three or four years of really ideal idling. The right kind, I mean, wherein you don't do nothing at all, not by any means, but just—anything. Oh, *how* I envy them! Even if, according to the *mode* of the moment, they have to carry with them everywhere, and for no particular reason at all, umbrellas—"a useless, a comfortless, and an unmannerly habit," as one of their own scribes hath said

"He gave me a real scornful look"

BUT there is, as a matter of fact, just now, according to Herr von Hoffmannsthal, who wrote *Der Rosenkavalier*, and is over here as the guest of the P.E.N. Club, a regular Revolt of Youth going on. So, perhaps (only I haven't much hope of it) idleness may, after all, prevail. There's a doctor, though, and an American one to boot, who's given the movement much useful and helpful support. Eat what you like, he says, or words to that effect. Avoid all those horrible sensible things, says he, and encourage your children to lick the butter off the bread!

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

POPULAR PERSONALITIES—"JACKOBBS"

By PAUL PRY *Caricatures by "RIP"*

J. B. Hobbs is his real name, and he was born on the 16th of December, 1882. But his public do not call him "J. B. Hobbs" or "Mr. Hobbs," or even "Hobbs." He is "Jackobbs," no more, no less; and you can't get away from it, even if you want to, which you don't. In the mouthing of the bastard word is the tone of affection, understanding, possession; incomprehensible to a foreigner who hears it, entirely unexplainable by those who speak of him thus.

He is our property. We on the south side of the muddy river (we pronounce it "sarrth," of course) own "Jackobbs" just as we own, and pay for, the L.C.C. trains, and the Oval gasometer. He is our symbol of the might, majesty and dominion of Surrey cricket. Without him, when Surrey is engaged with an enemy county at home or abroad, cricket is a comparatively lifeless thing, to be watched, of course, but dispassionately, with a feeling of ill-suppressed bereavement.

If you, a ludicrous stranger from foreign parts over Vauxhall Bridge, insinuate yourself, horribly overdressed and abysmally ignorant, amongst us on a batting day, when the two white figures of the opening batsmen are emerging from the Pavilion rails, and ask what manner of man this Hobbs is, we will tell you, in the pauses between overs, or when, having snicked an inimitable 4 to the boundary, he is strolling blithely back to his crease.

He has not begun to hit out yet, so we will take him as a field first. Have you ever seen a really brilliant cover-point? (You won't see one to-day, of course, 'cos Surrey will be batting—yes, all day, you take it from us.) Well, there's one there, at the far end. Him what just made that peach of a late cut for a 2. Jackobbs . . . why? Because it is a gift with him, cover-point is. You can't get anything past him. You try. . . . Y-e-s, we've *heard* of Vernon Royle. But he was a long time ago. Anyway, you'll see—to-morrow; not to-day. If you don't believe us when we say he is the finest cover-point there has ever been, ask the Australians; they'll tell you a thing or two—not half.

Of course, as a BAT, w-e-ll. . . The tone of voice of the Surreyite expresses the *n*th degree of perfection. . . . Look at his average last season in first-class matches, 62.90! And that doesn't tell you anything, either. You will see him throw his wicket away on purpose time and again, after they have marked up the century on the boards. And what beautiful strokes when he *is* in. There isn't a stroke he can't play perfectly, and without any effort. It is not a bit of good a bowler beckoning a field this way and that when Jackobbs comes in—he will turn the ball through them, wherever they are. True, his weakness, if you can call it one, is *l.b.w.*—but what of that? If we want every run we can lay our hands on he is the man to get them. A ball may trickle away from his bat, seemingly nowhere. But he is out of his crease and across almost before the alert, watchful fielder has reached it.

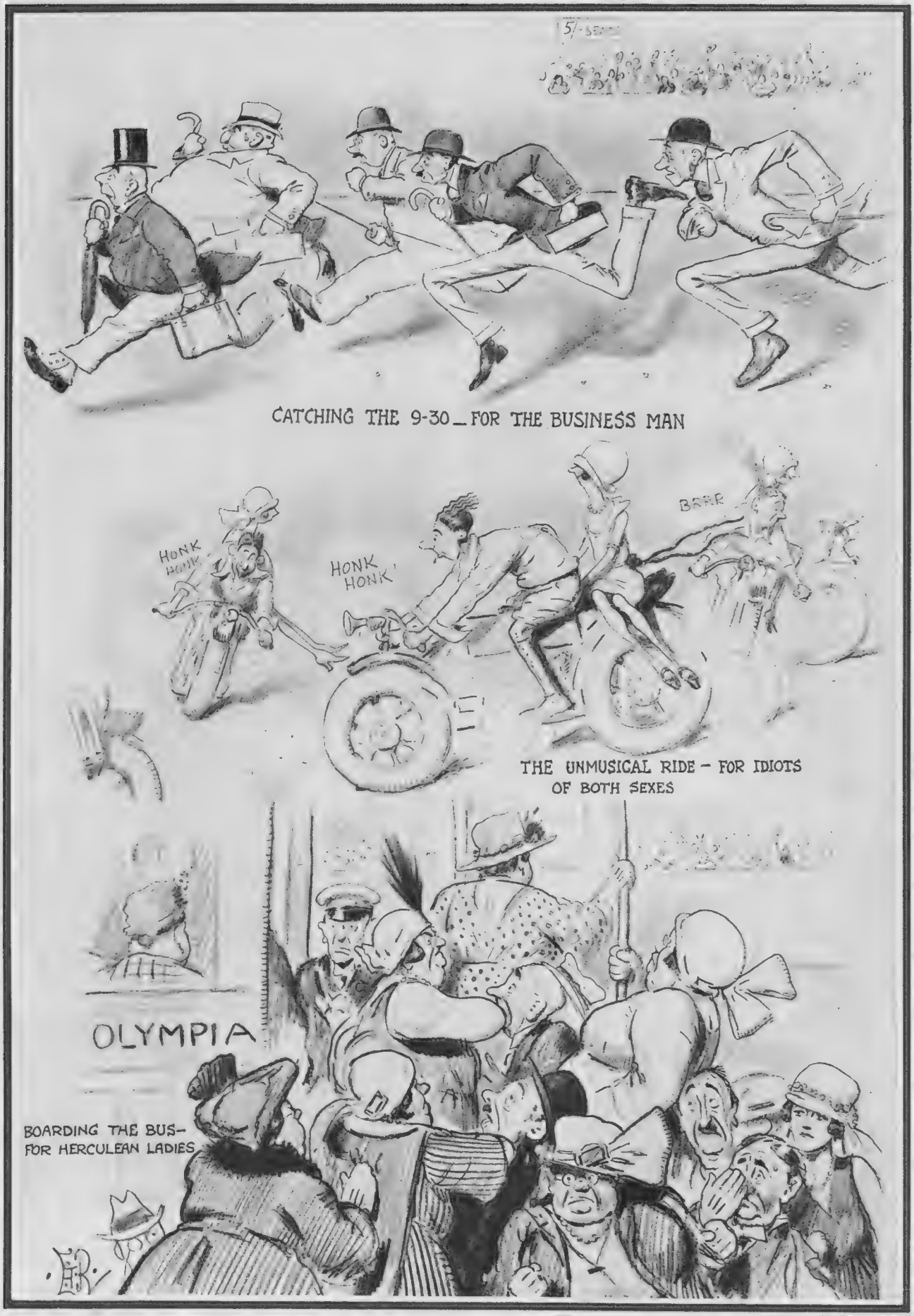
We don't have any tremors about our score because the wicket is all against good batting. Wicket fluctuations make no difference to him, he is a master of them all. They leave him cold. He first played in the Tests, you will remember, in 1909, and has never, except when ill, missed one since. He is, in fact, the finest batsman we have got to-day. . .

This, and other things, they will tell you in Kennington about their idol. Some of them, who have the privilege of his acquaintance, will tell you of his character as a man. How quiet and modest he is about himself; how admirably shrewd his opinion about others, never given unless specifically asked for; how affectionate and simple his disposition; how "pally" his nature.

But what impresses me most always at the Oval (and whenever Hobbs comes in I leave the splendid isolation of the Pavilion to be amongst his people in order to hear them on the subject—it is well worth it) is the responsibility this great cricketer is maintaining with his inveterate calm. The responsibility not merely of the County's honour and prowess, towards which it is for him to contribute a share, albeit very often a large one, but the responsibility carried by a person in whom a vast congregation has a blind faith. In the eyes of all that long smear of distant faces round the boundaries he is like unto Cæsar. He can do no wrong. Their cricket, which they love in a dumb, expressionless sort of way, rests for the nonce in his hands, to do with as he will. Whether he goes out with a tumultuous 203 runs behind him, or a mere calamitous 2 (which seldom occurs) the affection and the implicit trust of the populace in him is the same. It is "Jackobbs"—the man of whom Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower (who urged his claims with "Archie" MacLaren for inclusion in the 1909 Test at Birmingham, and was amply justified) writes, "It is because of men like Jack Hobbs that the professional cricketer of to-day is held in such high esteem."

And rightly so.

Why Not A Civilian Tournament at Olympia?



BY E. T. REED

As being more in keeping with the spirit of these piping times of peace, The League of Nations and general Disarmament, our artist suggests a Civilian Tournament instead of the Military sabre-rattling affair at Olympia. He thinks that equally thrilling contests could be derived from everyday experiences, as depicted above

Motley Musings

It is stated that luminous shoes for men are coming into fashion. After them we shall expect to see boots with asparagus tops.

. . . . .

The rumour that Mr. Epstein is to have an art to art talk with his detractors is premature.

. . . . .

We learn that at a certain public school twelve boys have been caned for the same trivial offence. The Headmaster stated he had to consider the commonwealth. We wonder what the victims thought about the common weal.

. . . .

A film manager says that he has received over a thousand applications from girls who want to take part in a "Sheikh" production. He ought to start a British Vampire Exhibition.

. . . .

It is queried whether Tosti really raised his hat when he said "Good-bye, summer." Other historical questions likely to be debated are, "What gave Cleopatra the needle?" and "Where did Robinson Crusoe go to that Friday?"

. . . .

We understand that Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen has once more had trouble with a tennis umpire. She seems to be almost as consistent a fault-finder as he is.

. . . .

To make life longer and more comfortable for tall men is the *raison d'être* of a new American club. It needs a Longfellow to do it justice

A critic has been lamenting the bad language so frequently used on the stage by actors. We understand, however, that there is much more profanity used by the audience that has to listen to them.

. . . . .

If you wore Oxford Bags, dear,
And I wore Cambridge knicks,
You soon would lead their Rags, dear,
As queen of all the hags, dear,
And I'd be in the Mags, dear,
With lots of other tics,
If you wore Oxford Bags, dear,
And I wore Cambridge knicks.

. . . . .

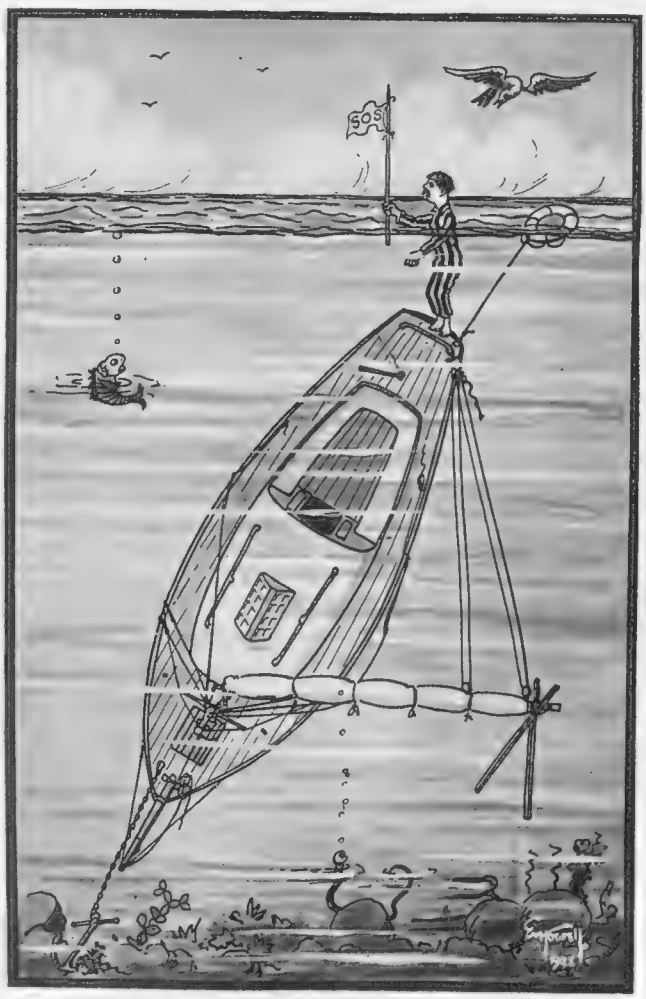
"What do you usually take for a bad 'eadache, Mrs. Johnson?"

"A couple of aspirates, dearie."

. . . . .

"Do you know, Tommy, where small boys who take their little sister's pennies go to?"

"Yes, mummy, to the pictures!"



By E. V. Howell

AN OCEAN BED-TIME STORY

The sort of thing that *might* happen to the yachtsman who didn't give enough cable

They say that in future he will be affectionately known as Dean Binge.

. . . . .

Judging from the state of affairs in Shanghai, it would seem to be a case of Confucian worst confounded.

. . . . .

A Mexican beverage made from cactus can now be procured. We believe it is excellent if you happen to suffer from prickly heat.

. . . . .

Bathing costumes for ladies are said to be more daring than ever. It takes a lot to keep modern girls in clothes!

. . . . .

After J. K. S.

As I was idly lounging in the Park,
There suddenly debouched upon my view,
The semblance of a female shape from which
All femininity had long since fled.
Its hair indubitably was Its own,
Since It had obviously paid for it.
Its arms were bare, and bare likewise Its neck,
Which conjured up before the eyes Saul's dream
Of seven years of famine. On Its lips
The paint lay thick. Thank God Its mouth was shut.
The skirt was more than fashionably built,
Revealing two unpleasant, bony knees.
Its feet were cased in rare, brocaded shoes.
And Heaven knows how It got into them.
Its income might have been five thousand pounds.
Of course It had a car, and overfed
As regularly as It overdressed.
Doubtless It had in tow a string of youths
It called "my lambs"; you know the sort I mean,
Like lap-dogs only waiting to be fed.
(We called them once a very different name.)
But as to any purpose It might serve,
What use It was on this green, wholesome earth?
I cannot say. I only know, to me;
It seemed a quite completely nasty mess.

. . . .

Answer to Correspondent: You must be guided by your good taste as to whether you wear your beard inside or outside the counterpane.

HARTLEY CARRICK

"Pencillings" from Royal Ascot

AN ASCOT FRIEZE WHICH IS NEVER A FROST

SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER FANCY

A CONSULTATION

WILL THIS FAVOURITE LAST THE COURSE?

ANOTHER FAVOURITE

A FEW NOTES

A. D. PHOENIX

BY PHŒNIX

Ascot, with its Royal enclosure, its house-parties, its fashions and its crowds (in the well-behaved sense, of course!)—to say nothing of the racing—is one of the Season's functions which never *can* be missed. Our artist contributes herewith some impressions of *the* meeting of the month

Produced May 26, 1925

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

MUSICAL comedy that runs on familiar lines can always, it seems, be sure of popular support. People who take their music very seriously indeed have bullied the British public for years for their sad reluctance to support a national Opera House, and a frightful lot of good money has been frittered away in the effort to induce the public to absorb classical music on a large scale. But the British public, perhaps with the awful example of the Germans before them, have always declined to take music so seriously as that. On the other hand, experience seems to show that a play garnished with light, tinkling melodies can usually expect a longer and more successful run than what is known as "straight drama."

THE fun of this piece is almost entirely in the hands of Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Heather Thatcher. Mr. Henson works very hard to supply the right brand of humour, and his efforts are crowned with complete success. Musical comedy audiences have their own idea as to what is humour. Personally, I stand by the axiom that humour in the theatre is that which makes people laugh; and as Mr. Henson's audiences ripple with mirth nearly all the time, it is clear that he is supplying the particular brand of goods his patrons require. Some of his merry wit forces me to conclude that Mr. Henson is a diligent reader of the lighter periodicals, though I must admit that the jokes proved far more hilarious in his hands than they had previously appeared to me in cold print.

ONE of the scenes of the play, however, impressed me as being entirely original, though like my old and esteemed friend Homer, I, no doubt, nod occasionally. Mr. Henson is, in the play, Monty Sipkin, the Head Salesman of a New York Millinery

establishment, and his job for the moment is suiting a lady Shopper with a new hat. It is, I believe, an axiom in the commercial world that nothing is so difficult to sell as a lady's hat, because the lady in the case usually expects to find that her bargain shall provide her, not only with a suitable head covering, but also with regular features, a comely figure, and that schoolgirl complexion, all of which she has not previously enjoyed. And it is generally understood that a new hat will not necessarily endow a lady with these advantages unless she has brought at least some of them with her. Mr. Henson's Shopper (Miss Betty Schuster) enters the shop warily, and removes her old hat, which as it stands is quite an atrocity in millinery. The hat is put on one side; and then another customer enters, and takes the discarded headgear for part of the stock of the establishment. Being a rather

deft person, she picks out most of the trimming and readjusts the balance with quite an attractive result. She therefore puts the hat on and sails away, well satisfied with her bargain.

IT is clear that the Shopper's old hat having vanished, she must be suited with a new one at all costs, in order to save acute trouble. Mr. Henson is fully alive to the desperate necessity of satisfying his rather exacting customer; but for a while all his frenzied efforts are in vain. The Shopper will have no hat except one that absolutely matches her gown, which is made of a material that is not to be supplied at a moment's notice. Desperate ills require desperate remedies. While the Shopper is criticising another of the hats, Mr. Henson picks up a pair of scissors and deftly removes a portion of the back of the Shopper's skirt to make

the trimming for the new hat. The Shopper is delighted with the perfect matching, and she walks off entirely satisfied, while we observe from a back view as she retires that if she isn't feeling the draught now, she very soon will.

MONTY SIPKIN is in love with Jane, whose "people," however, are extremely wealthy. It would appear that his suit is a hopeless one, though Jane (Miss Heather Thatcher) declares in a light and tuneful little song that she doesn't know why she loves Monty but she loves him all the same. American millionaires, however, do not rush to ally their daughters with glorified shop-walkers when good European titles can be got with the usual discount for cash. So Jane has a useful brain-wave. Her mother is extremely fond of all things British—an unusual trait in Americans who are not contemplating a deal with us—and Monty is therefore hurriedly instructed to do his best to ape the British manner on being presented to her family. The joke here is that Monty misunderstands his instructions, and appears before his prospective mother-in-law as a talkative Hebrew with all the vigorous handplay which is supposed to be indispensable to the Children of Israel in their outbreaks of volubility. He explains to Jane afterwards that he did not know he had been asked to be British. He had thought she said—Yiddish.

A LITTLE quip of this kind would hardly be robust enough for an ordinary comedy; but this is a musical play, and Mr. Henson acts the playful nonsense with a rare skill that gives it a quality of richness it might not otherwise possess. In the second act we find Monty Sipkin stranded at a fashionable seaside hotel, with no funds to meet the inevitable bill. While the proprietor is discussing the problem, a negro waiter walks into the room-hall and says he is throwing up his job right away. The hotel proprietor at once tells Monty to get an apron and prepare to replace the absentee. Here again Monty takes his job so thoroughly that he goes to the length even of blacking his face in order to present something like the appearance of the retiring negro, and though the jest sounds a little extravagant in a bald description of the facts, it has to be recorded that it moves the house to tremendous laughter, and, further, gives Mr. Henson a chance to exhibit his versatility in the matter of negro humour.

HENSON IS AS HENSON DOES—
Three examples of Hensonian versatility

THE serious love songs, which are always an essential ingredient of these mechanically constructed entertainments, are agreeably rendered by Mr. Arthur Margetson and Miss Elsa Macfarlane, Miss Macfarlane is, in the play, Peggy Van de Leur (one of *the* Van de Leurs, you know, dear). But although Peggy V. de L. has come down in the world, and is now no more than a shop girl, Kenneth Denison, the young millionaire, loves her for herself alone. We have thus two lively romances in the piece. In one case it is the poor young man in love with the rich girl, and in the other case it is the poor girl in love with the rich young man. This ought to please everybody, since it practically runs the gamut of stage romance.

A STRIKING item of the entertainment is the remarkable dancing of Mr. Claude Hulbert, which embraces practically every branch of athletic agility. Mr. George Gershwin's music is already popular, and is, of course, the chief excuse for the production. A feature of the play is the well-drilled chorus of ladies and gentlemen who seem to have their hearts thoroughly in their work. *Tell Me More* has occupied a good deal of space in the Press of late. I could not find on the programme the name of the theatre's publicity agent, but he is clearly a gentleman who knows his job.

JINGLE

GOLFING GLOOMS

No. IV.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE CADDIE

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS*

He is only restrained by the fear of losing his job from expressing in a terse sentence exactly what he thinks of you for having the temerity to describe yourself as "a golfer."

This attitude of continual repression breeds in him that peculiar silence which seems to be jabbering a volume to the emotional, erring golfer all the way round. Consequently more often than not a latent hostility becomes apparent in the owner of the clubs towards the carrier at about the third tee.

The average caddie in England may be divided into three species. There is the little boy, not very much higher than your bag, who has no interest in the game whatsoever, and whose mind throughout the round vacillates between the purchase of a packet of gaspers or evil-smelling bull's-eyes with the tip that is coming to him. You do not fear him so much because he cannot yet have had time to learn as much about the game as you have. Besides, boys of that age can be shattered into a fit of silent sulks by a stern word or two of censure. They are fairly innocuous so long as they are stopped from flicking your clubs about at the very beginning of their depredations, and from kicking the ball off the green after you have holed out. Their habit of cleaning the ball with a surreptitious tongue and a coat sleeve tends towards their own funeral, and not yours, and may be ignored for the sake of peace.

It is when they have reached the later stages of adolescence, when the Board School has done with them, that they become a force to be reckoned with from first tee to last green. The caddie of about eighteen has acquired almost invariably, amongst other vices, the whispering habit, than which there are few things more devastating to the guilty conscience of a 14 handicap-player.

If by some freak of fortune you have just played a miraculous spoon shot which reaches the edge of the green, holding out the promise of an uplifting four, the whispering and giggling in the background goes on at the expense of the opponent who is about to consider matters from the point of view of some inimical rough stuff on the left. You feel this is a little unnecessary, but you can endure it with commendable calm. What reduces you to the use of further muttered expletives is the sibilant whisper that ensues upon your fluffed iron shot when the winning of this hole will lose you half-a-crown and your *amour propre*. However, you can't say curtly, "We don't want any more of that whispering, thank you," for after all, only one of them belongs to you, and the opponent on being whispered to about it, murmurs, "Hadn't noticed it—better leave 'em alone—might be worse, y'know." But then he is two up at this moment, and so views life through benign glasses.

"It had lost him the open championship the year I was born"

It is the thoroughly experienced caddie of about your own age, who, standing nonchalantly by the starter's box, eyeing you as you emerge from the clubhouse, and absorbing every detail of you as you approach him, forces his personality upon you to your vague and undefined discomfiture. From the way he examines, with a professional and sceptical waggle, each one of your clubs as it comes into use, he is obviously near the scratch mark himself. He has sized you up in quality almost as soon as you have finished the practice swings on the first tee. Having seen you play the next three shots he then ministers to your incompetence by proffering the club of his choosing and not of your own. Fighting weakly against this member of a dominant race, you assert yourself as one who has just paid a 10*s*. green fee by saying, "No, give me the iron," he having tendered the brassie. His taciturn prophecy, "You won't get up with that," is proved only too true, and from that moment onwards you are delivered body and soul into his horny hands.

At the next hole, a short one, now thoroughly cowed, you toy timorously with the jigger in the bag, adding

(Continued on page 934)

Caught Courting at Court

Stage Photo Co.

A serious and dramatic "eternal triangle" episode in "Cleopatra," the new Daly's Theatre show. The participants are Ninon Zaria, John E. Coyle and Jay Laurier

subserviently, "Don't you think?" his negative "Na-o-o; the big iron: you'll want all that—an' more," puts you finally in your place as the meek disciple and nothing more.

With his contemplative, jaundiced eye upon you, an old bad habit breaks out again—that old familiar habit that has clogged consistent improvement in your game over the years. After a particularly bad example of it, the half-topped ball trickling into a bunker, *he tells you what it is!* "Throwin' y'r body after the ball," he mutters in a resigned voice. As if you didn't know! A heavy silence follows; hate raging in your heart for the whole race of men who call themselves caddies. Upon his features is portrayed merely a bored resignation for an uncongenial job mercifully half done.

There are some long handicap men whose enviable self-confidence and breezy optimism protects them from the dominating influence of caddies. For all such I would prescribe a visit to St. Andrew's on a windy, squally morning, with all the caddies contemplating them on the rails. If they don't find their master among this congregation they will never find their true level in golf.

I found mine here once in a curious way. A courteous old Scotsman ambled forth with me for my match on the New Course. Sympathy for all weaklings, kindly encouragement for the contrite, unstinted praise for the "pairfec' three," were his chief charms, though he had others. I had dubbed him patronisingly in my mind as "a decent old fellow—damgood caddie." Then was I humbled to the dust; for on the way home he pointed across to that deadly seventeenth on the Old Course and told me, quite simply, that it had lost him the Open Championship in the year I was born!

Stage Photo Co.

MAKING QUITE A STIR

Members of the fourth Mixture of the "Punch-Bowl" at the Duke of York's Theatre, as they appear in the skit on "No, No, Nanette," receiving the attentions of Mr. Punch. Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar, it will be noticed, simply could *not* be separated from their piano!

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Those Fashionable Jumpers!

BY DAVID WILSON

Vera Nemtchinova and Anton Dolin showing us how guests at "The House Party" disport themselves—in Russian Ballet. Inset is Eugene Goossens, who conducts the music of the Ballet at the Coliseum

Some Ceremonial Occasions

THEIR MAJESTIES AT ETON *G. P. U.*

The King and Queen on their way to attend Divine Service in Lower Chapel at Eton. They later visited the Picture Gallery, where they inspected the pictures and drawings of Turner which are exhibited there

WITH THE AMBULANCE WORKERS *Sport and General*

The Duke of Connaught inspecting members of the No. 1 (Prince of Wales) District contingent of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. The annual inspection was held in Hyde Park

AT PORTLAND PLACE *Central News*

Princess Mary, with Sir Thomas Oliver, the President, at the Institute of Hygiene, where she opened new premises

at Home and Abroad

A SPORTING OCCASION *Sport and General*

The Duke and Duchess of York arriving for the Royal Caledonian School sports at Bushey. They are being received by the Headmaster and staff at the entrance to the grounds

HONOURING THE FALLEN *Central Press*

Field-Marshal Lord Haig with Marshal Fayolle, inspecting the guard of honour when he visited Beaumont Hamel to unveil the Newfoundland war memorial. Standing on a rocky eminence in Newfoundland Park this memorial takes the form of a caribou, representative of our oldest colony

ROYALTY IN THE POTTERIES *Sport and General*

The King and Queen at Stoke-on-Trent, where his Majesty laid the foundation stone of the North Staffordshire Infirmary. In reply to the Corporation's welcome, which was extended in the King's Hall, his Majesty announced that the County Borough of Stoke had been raised to the status of a city

"ONE TOUCH OF SCANDAL MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD CHIN"

BY WILMOT LUNT

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

"HORREUR," he said, thrusting from him the wife (of some other fellow), "it reminds me of the chin of my grandfather when I was a babe. All is over between us; farewell, bristle-neck." And thus did Paris learn that she had been shaved from sin. And with the learning is a little lesson for the magnifying moralists, those moralists who call upon all the powerful forces of the firmament to remove the failings of their fellows, without ever, or practically never, accomplishing the desired result.

"A kiss on the lips—

—the eyes—

—the ear—

—or even the nose"

FOR long, when a Parisian playwright has sought to portray the essence of wickedness, he has made the villain—or lover—of the piece creep stealthily behind the married woman, who was designated as his conquest, and implant a long, long kiss on the back of her neck, the conquest-designate meanwhile evidencing a sort of codfish-shiver of supposedly forbidden delight. Why this nape-of-the-neck slobbery should be accepted as involving greater, and therefore more thrilling, wickedness than a kiss on the lips, the eyes, the ear, or even the nose, was not very substantially made out, but it was thus regarded, and the moralists called upon all the powers that be and buzz to have it eliminated. *Sans résultat.*

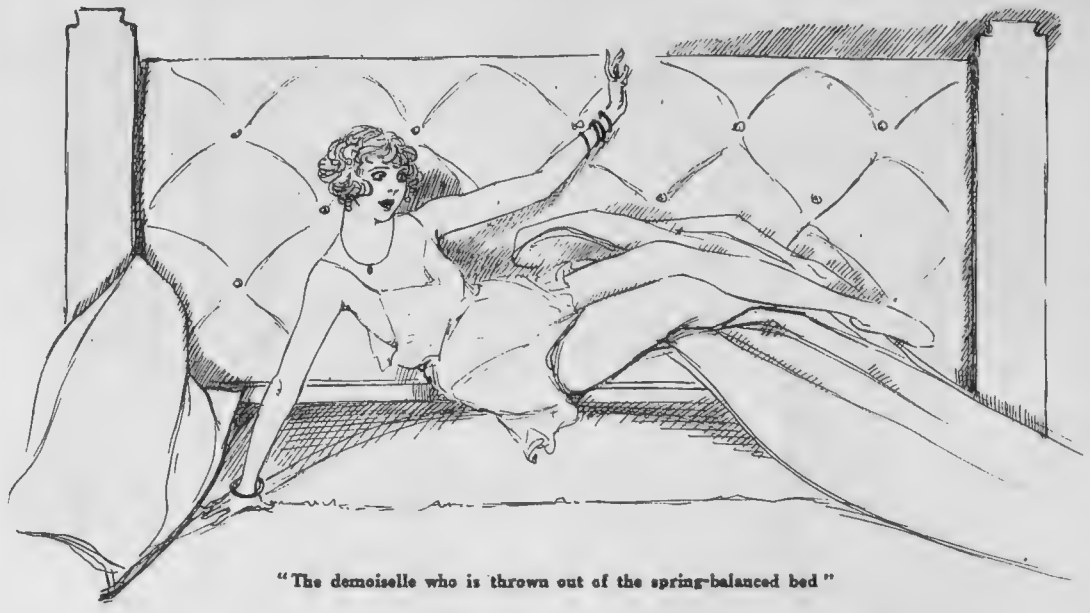
"'Horreur' he said"

BUT now the playwrights who wish to provoke the *petit frisson* in the audience will have to evolve some other sign of desperate wickedness, for the kiss at the back of the neck is as dead as the bust and the bustle, slain by the shears or razors of the barber, which have stimulated the growth of bristles where once was nothing more resistant than down. One command from *la mode* has done more than years of preaching.

APROPOS of morality it is impossible, for once in a way, to resist the temptation to say, "I told you so." When, after a night of surprising adventure in the Amusement Park at Wembley, one timidly hinted that several of these amusements would be considered most dreadfully shocking if they were set up in Paris, my neck was scalded by the torrent of hot water which I had drawn upon me. The hint was said to be impossibly far-fetched. But now, two or three of the side-shows under comment have been set up in Paris, at our Exposition, and it would be impossible to question their success as a *succès de scandale.*

AND as there is nothing in which the lesser local humorists find so much delight as to depict the Anglo-Saxon as a hypocrite, the lesser jesters are having a daily riot among the caustic and the vitriol, at the expense of those who pose as prim and proper, and yet conceive amusements that Montmartre would not have dared to originate. There is, of course, a local misconception as to the object of some of the side-shows, reconstructed here from the models of Wembley, such as the "Caterpillar"; and there is an important difference of treatment in others, the *demoiselle* who is thrown out of the spring-balanced bed by an accurate "shy" in the "Massacre" being more lightly clad than in the colder Wembley clime. But there is no guardian of London reputations on the spot to explain this to local cynics, so London reputations have dropped a few points on the Paris market.

ONE collection of British reputations has improved, however, in consequence of the Exposition, for the



"The demoiselle who is thrown out of the spring-balanced bed"

British restaurant, with a delightful terrace overlooking the Seine that calls you back irresistibly when you had been thinking of dining elsewhere, is becoming the *endroit chic*, and a dinner dance there ranks with anything to be savoured in the Bois de Boulogne. Just across the water, where his barges, Amours, Delices and Orgues are moored, M. Paul Poiret is emphasising his perfect knowledge of the *snobisme* ruling the Paris *d'après-guerre* by charging the most dizzily extravagant prices that have ever been risked here for dinners, teas, or snacks.

THREE cups of tea, two pieces of toast, and a chocolate éclair produced a bill of eighty francs; but they gained no advantage of expensiveness over lunch at one hundred and fifty francs, and a room for the night at two thousand. M. Poiret, with "Admiral's" rank added to that of "Emperor of Fashion," knows there are more than enough people who will feel it a favour to be allowed to pay such prices in the "exclusive" company of others who can also face them, so nobody has any excuse for criticism. His catering barge will almost certainly be as remunerative as her sister-ship showroom for high-priced frocks.

Enfin there has arisen a specimen of author not afraid of actor or actress who plays the lead in his poor little construction, and, as such phenomena never arise singly, there are two of them. Actors and actresses are quite disturbed about this, for there is the appalling possibility that other observant authors, who have hitherto been subdued and ever ready to turn a blind eye on the eccentricities of their "superiors," will be affected by this startling example and acquire the courage to insist that their work shall be played as written.

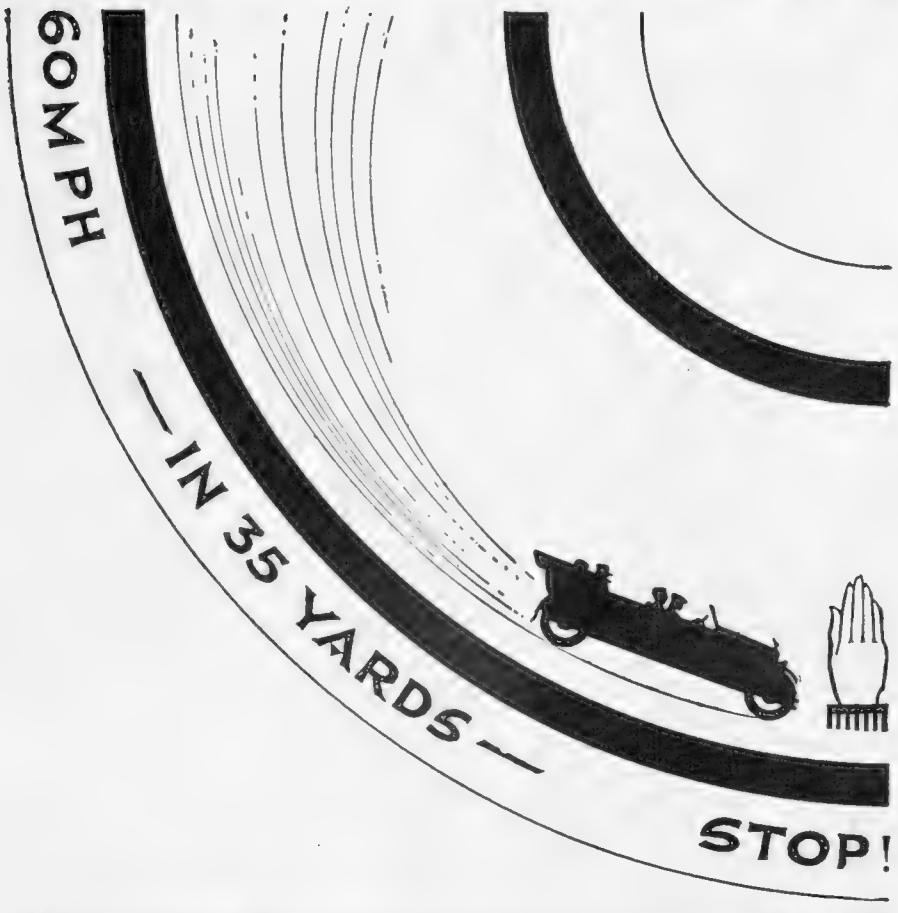
"If an unappreciated mother-in-law gives you a wrinkle"

THE aforesaid pair of dictators, who had been altogether content with the box-office reports of their play, *Pas sur la bouche*, for two or three months, had a freakish and most unusual impulse to attend it as spectators, and after an hour of perplexity they came to the conclusion that their piece must have been transferred to some other theatre without their having been notified. So they went round the back to see the manager and tell him that they thought it was really due to them to have been informed of the transference. When the mystified manager insisted that this was their play the authors saw ultra-red. In their crimson frenzy they demanded a rehearsal for the morrow, when the cast was re-taught the operette as originally conceived, and ordered to conform to it under threat of dire pains and penalties.

A RATHER gruesome present is obtaining a vogue in certain circles, and there is occasion to put on the thinking cap if an unappreciated mother-in-law announces that she is about to "give you a wrinkle." In the good old days before beauty specialists became such disconcerting innovators, as all the world of music-hall patrons knows, a remark of this sort from a mother-in-law would merely have meant that you would have to submit to some unsolicited piece of advice. But now you may be called upon to accept—if you are not sufficiently masterful to refuse—an actual wrinkle which for years has done service, or disservice, as superfluous face for the said m-in-l. Some terrible person suggested that wrinkles, when removed by the surgically talented beauty-specialist, might easily be utilized as souvenirs, and one may be pressed into receiving them in the form of covering for a wallet or purse. What a world of horrors!

RENÉ

THE WONDERFUL BRAKING OF THE CHRYSLER SIX



60 miles an hour, and suddenly—BRAKES! The wild rush checks, dwindles, dies stone dead in 35 yards. Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes—smooth, positive! Safety first! Now—press the accelerator. Chrysler leaps ahead with a surge of power that thrills you! Truly a sportsman's car—with every point as perfect as the braking and acceleration.

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VIBRATIONLESS! The crankshaft is exceptionally big, supported on SEVEN large bearings; perfectly balanced. No whip, no vibration.

LUBRICATION. Oil pump spiral-driven from camshaft, giving positive force feed through drilled crankshaft to all main and connecting rod bearings, camshaft bearings and timing chain. Oil pressure gauge on dash.

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PHÆTON TOURING CAR

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The Romance and Mystery of Finger-Prints

RIDGES AND WHORLS IN THE CRIMINAL WORLD

By VINCENT WRAY (*Author of "Finger-Prints of Fate," etc etc*)

It is no exaggeration to assert that finger-prints are the terror of evil doers. Thieves of experience now work in gloves lest they should leave behind them irrefutable evidence of their identity A blurred impression on a safe, or a cash box, tell-tale marks on a tumbler, a print on a door, these will all lead to the criminal's arrest, and long and well-merited detention in Dartmoor prison.

I have already referred to the late Francis Galton. He was much more than an amateur in the science he loved and which, with profound skill and outstanding ability, developed. Galton, after many experiments, invented a grey powder, which, when sprinkled over any surface and then blown away, revealed prints which could be photographed and filed for reference amongst the records of our police headquarters. I believe that Galton's powder is still in use.

The theory is that the perspiration from the glands of finger or thumb does not re-act to the powder, so that the outlines of whorls, deltas, ridges, and composites stand out in bold relief. My readers themselves may, if they care, make some experiments, though they will soil their hands in the process.

Take a sheet of white paper, roll the fingers from left to right, as when taking impressions for the competition. Sprinkle the paper with soot, shake the soot thoroughly over the prints, and then throw the soot away. The prints should then be revealed, though not with the same effect as is the case with Galton's grey powder.

Many a criminal has imagined himself free from the consequences of his crime, because he did not realise the wonders that have been achieved by finger-print experts I could write volumes of the adventures of Bertillon himself I first met him in London when he had come in search of an Apache who was suspected of the murder of an old woman who had kept a wine shop not far from the Moulin Rouge in the Montmartre district of Paris.

The murder had been one of the most sensational and ghastly that even Paris had known Madame Defarge—a name well known in connection with another affair, though this woman was no relative of the central figure in the former *cause célèbre*—lived alone, and had the reputation of being a miser Her customers were not of a very desirable type; but she did a good business and was supposed to have amassed a considerable sum of money

Her café was always closed at two o'clock in the morning, after which she retired to rest in a small room immediately behind The place was re-opened at about midday. There came a time when the café doors did not open Hours passed, and at last one of the neighbours fearful that the woman had died in her sleep informed a gendarme, and begged him to make investigations He proceeded to do so, hammered at the door, tried to peer through the windows, and at last, certain that something was amiss, called another officer, and together they attempted to force the door.

When at last an entrance was forced, Madame Defarge was found lying full length on the floor. She had been shockingly maltreated. Her skull had been broken by a bottle, which had shattered and jagged beside the dead woman. The murderer had evidently taken the affair with amazing coolness, for he had opened a bottle of wine and drunk the contents from a tumbler which still contained the dregs of wine.

The gendarmes touched nothing, but sent at once to the Surete, and accompanied by another officer, M. Bertillon came post-haste to the spot. The case appeared to present almost unsurmountable difficulty and the murderer would have escaped but for the tumbler out of which he had drunk This tumbler Bertillon lifted with a pair of "nippers" into a capacious bag, and having given certain instructions to his assistant, he returned with his evidence to the police office

In the "laboratory" of the Sureté the tumbler was examined and sprinkled with powder, when a number of prints evolved. These were photographed, and it did not take long to discover that they were made by Alphonse Tinette, whose records were already in the police museum Tinette had been convicted of several crimes, including an assault on a fellow Apache with whom he had quarrelled over a girl.

There was no doubt but that this was the assassin of Madame Defarge and Bertillon hastened to find him. He had stolen a considerable sum of money from the old woman's store, and with this had gone to England, where there were already some of his associates.

I believe it was the late Chief-Inspector Kane who assisted Bertillon in his search. It was late one night when Tinette was discovered in a continental café in Greek Street, Soho. Tinette was armed, but so startled was he when Bertillon laid his hands upon him, that he meekly surrendered and made admission of his crime, exclaiming "But, M. Bertillon you are the devil."

Tinette was taken back to Paris, tried, sentenced and guillotined in the early dawn. "But for the finger prints he had left behind," said the mighty detective, "Tinette would have won free, and the murder of the woman never avenged. But really it is not wonderful—it is science."

I have in my possession some of the diaries which Bertillon kept. They are crowded with instances of the kind I have just narrated. Nor are the experiences of our own detectives less bizarre and interesting.

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 2

June 17, 1925

Name.....

Address.....

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This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, June 22

Only one thumb to be placed in this square.

For Rules governing this fascinating competition, see page 950

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MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT

SOMETHING NEW IN COMPETITIONS

Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a selection of twenty-five finger-prints sent in by our readers. Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon to be found on p. 948 preceding. A very little practice will enable you to obtain a clear impress. Take some ink of dense consistence, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Repeat this until you obtain a clear outline.

2. Fill in the coupon on the preceding page (p. 948) with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, June 22. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. As soon as the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of July 1) examine them carefully, and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own particular guinea's worth of smudge from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

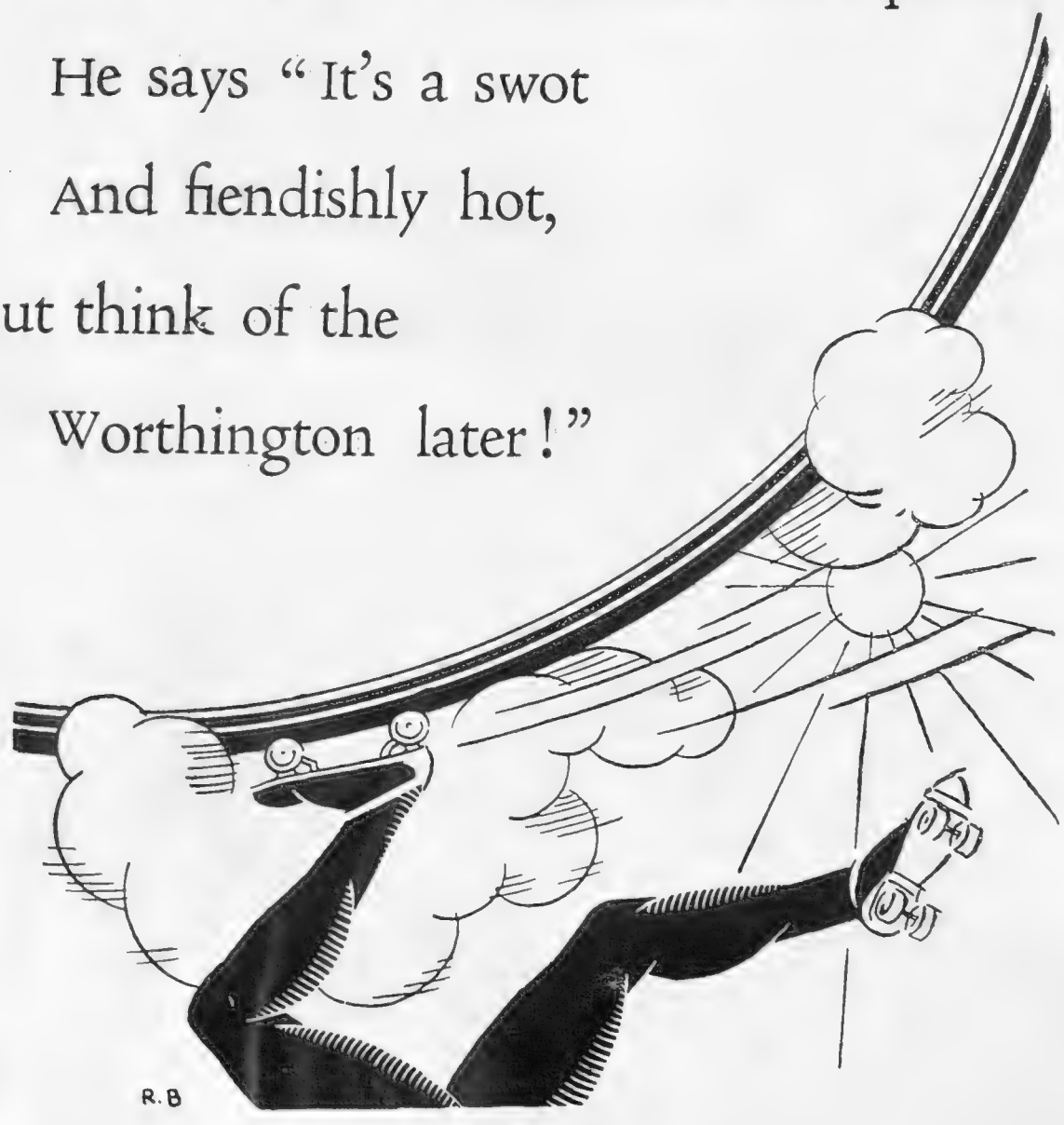
5. All Claims must reach us within one week of the date of publication of the print.

N.B. Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements such as Nos. 1, 2, 10, 13, 14, 17, 20, 26, 30 and 32, will be disqualified. The Editor's decision is final.

Worthington Limericks

No 8. This is a case of "Limerick License." The meaning of it will, however, be quickly grasped by those who know the joy of a Worthington after the game.

There's a terribly keen roller skater
Who skates round and round the equator;
He says "It's a swot
And fiendishly hot,
But think of the
Worthington later!"



Followers of the Spoor of

Sport and General

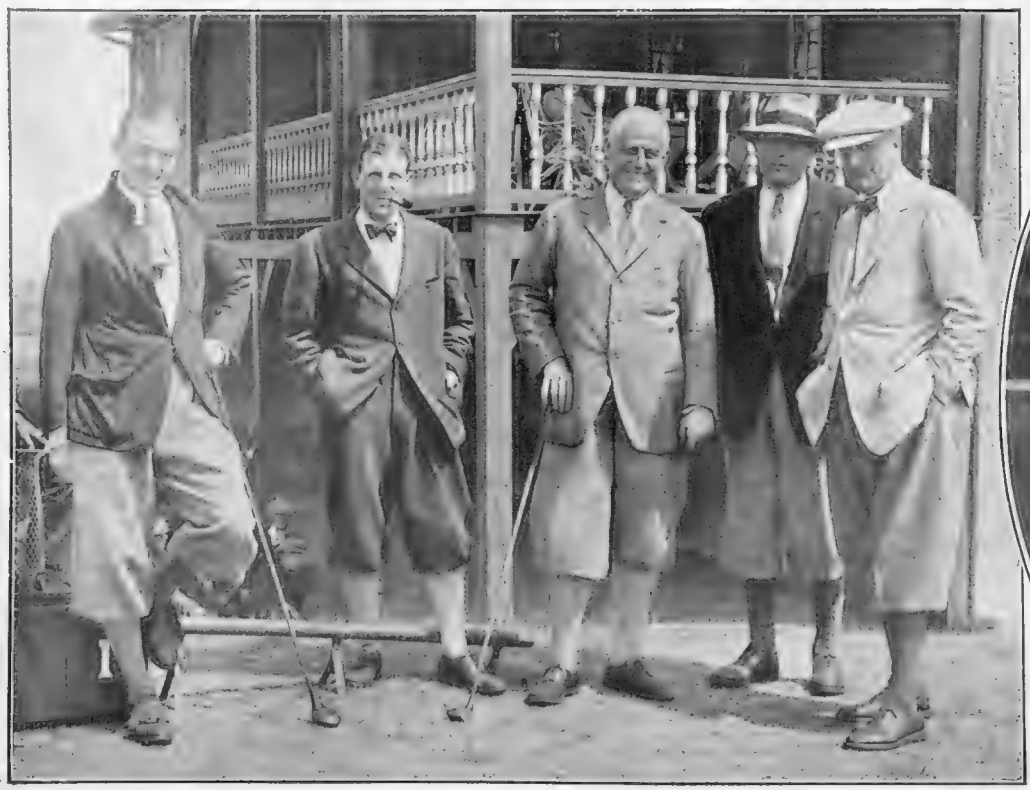
TENNIS IN "OULD OIRELAND'

The Leinster team drawn against Ulster in the Inter-Provincial championships. The group shows, standing: Mr. E. A. McGuire (left), Mr. V. Allman-Smith and Dr. G. N. Scroope, Sitting: Capt. A. Mahony (left), Major C. F. Scroope and Mr. L. N. Meldon

Topical

"I'VE MADE A LITTLE LIST"

Two of the competitors in one of the sailing races held in Teddington Reach. The list to starboard is being remedied as far as possible by fifty per cent of both crews



Sport and General

A PLUS-FOURS FIVE

Five of the competitors in the annual Bath Club meeting held at Prince's, Sandown, the final of the match-play tournament of which was won by Mr. R. W. Burn. The photograph shows: Mr. W. H. Wakefield, Capt. C. L. Baillieu, Mr. C. Baillieu, Capt. G. Baillieu, and Mr. J. W. Bayles

Alfieri

THE END OF THE DRIVE

Miss C. Hardie completing a shot in her match against Miss Ryan in the singles at Beckenham. Miss Ryan, who was at the top of her form, won 6—1, 6—1

"Le Sport" Afloat and Ashore

Topical

LADY TITCHFIELD and MRS. WORSLEY

Photo Illus.

LADY HEADFORT

L. N.

LADY ELLIS-GRIFFITH & LADY CARISBROOKE

Competitors in the annual Parliamentary Ladies' singles match for the Sir John Barker Trophy, played at Walton Heath. For the first time for five years the event was won by the Lords, the final score being eight matches to seven

Photo Illus.

A BACK-HAND AT BECKENHAM

Mrs. Randolph Lycett playing in the Kent Championships at Beckenham last week. In the ladies' singles she met Miss Ryan in the semi-final

L.N.A.

ON UPPER CLUB

Some of the team representing the Lords and Commons which recently beat an Eton XII. The group shows (seated): Capt. Hacking (left), Viscount Curzon, Sir Rowland Blades and Mr. Waldron-Smithers. Those standing include: Capt. Metcalfe, Capt. R. Berkeley, Mr. E. T. Campbell, the Earl of Dalkeith, and Capt. Arthur Hope

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

Royal Hunt Cup

As usual, the Ascot programme simply bristles with interesting problems. You might back five or six well-fancied horses for the Royal Hunt Cup on Wednesday, and then not get one in the first three. As soon as the acceptances were published, Pharos became a pronounced favourite. He has a very big weight-carrying task, but, of course, he is a classic horse, and likes the ground to be on the hard side. If we pay attention to the "horses for courses" theory, which is certainly one of the soundest in racing, we cannot ignore the prospects of Weathervane, who won this race in 1923 and was beaten by a narrow margin by Dinkie last season. I have an excellent account of Weathervane's progress.

Will Pharos Win ?

CARAVEL should find the distance to his liking and has a big chance on his recent form in the Victoria Cup, and I am quite sure that his backers at Ascot will get a good run for their money. Another for whom I have a fancy is Purple Shade. I followed him consistently through his spring engagements, and I do not feel inclined to let him run loose here. Still, there can only be one winner, and I shall make **Pharos** my selection. For places I choose CARAVEL and PURPLE SHADE.

Our Best Two-Year-Old

I HOPE we shall see something of Bella Minna during the meeting. I was very much impressed by her display at Newbury last week. In spite of being nearly knocked off her legs at the start, this beautiful two-year-old filly won the race in a hack canter.

BY "THE TOUT"

SIR CHARLES HYDE

Taking down the numbers. Sir Charles is the owner of "Dignity" and lots of other useful animals

I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that Bella Minna is the best of her age we have seen out so far. The race in which she is likely to run this week is the Fern Hill Stakes, in which she can take on some very speedy older performers. I fully expect her to prove too good for them. In fact, I shall not be surprised if this filly goes through the season without defeat.

The Gold Cup

THE glories of Ascot will culminate on Thursday in the struggle for the Gold Cup. At first glance one is disposed to declare that the race is a good thing for St. Germans, but we have to take the stamina of that colt largely on trust. It is true that he won the Coronation Cup at Epsom with consummate ease, but there is an extra mile to be covered on the Berkshire Heath. I feel certain that at least one of the colts who were beaten pointless by St. Germans in the Coronation Cup will finish much closer to him this time. I refer to Salmon Trout, who gave quite a good account of himself in the Manchester Cup, and is likely to be well suited by the extra distance at Ascot. Santorb, fresh from his triumph in the Newbury Summer Cup, will be in the field and is one who can be regarded as quite certain to get the journey. Another good stayer is the French horse Tricard, but he may be lacking in class. I select **St. Germans** and take SALMON TROUT as likely to be second best. For the last day of the meeting **Hurstwood** is my tip for the Hardwicke Stakes, and I expect to see **Compiler** improve upon his Newbury form and carry off the Wokingham Stakes.

POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

Saturday at Hurlingham

ON Saturday will be played the first of the Inter-Army Matches at Hurlingham. The King and Queen have intimated their intention of being present, and it will be a great social and sporting occasion. I was talking over the prospects of this match with a very good judge of polo form a few days ago. He said he thought the English team had an even money chance of success. In my opinion, however, it is more than a shade of odds upon the home side. I have seen both teams in most of their trial games, and so far as can be judged from that form, the British Army has a decidedly better four. It remains to be seen whether the United States soldiers will be able to pull out unsuspected powers in the big matches. At least we may be certain that they will give our side a very tough fight.

A Change in the Team

I WAS not at all surprised to learn last week that the Army Selection Committee had decided to drop Major Vivian Lockett from the team and to substitute Major D. C. Boles. This was an important move, for it meant taking away the original captain of the side. But Major Lockett has not been at all fit since the team came to London, and in the two matches in which I saw him play this month he was merely a shadow of his former self. We all know that Vivian Lockett has been a great player in the past. He has usually been seen at his best upon really important occasions. But the Selection Committee do not want to run any unnecessary risks, and in my opinion they have adopted a very sound policy in changing the team.

The New Captain

THE duty of captaincy will now devolve upon Captain J. P. Dening. He is no stranger to the job, for in India he has captained his regimental team for a long time, and has led them to plenty of important victories. He is a man in whom the other members of the British Army side have the greatest confidence, and it is in his favour that he has shown brilliant form in his matches in England this season. I believe a wise selection has been made in his appointment as skipper. The brothers McCreery continue to strengthen their reputation as vigorous and formidable forwards. Altogether our team seems to be strong both in attack and in defence.

"Jingle"

I DO not think Major Beard has been altogether satisfied with his forwards up to the present. Major Wilson did brilliantly at Hurlingham on Whit-Monday, but he has never touched the same form since. He is one of the best mounted members of the side, and when he gets loose on those speedy ponies, Peg and Liggett, he wants a great deal of catching. "Jingle" Wilson is one of the most popular men in the American Army. He holds the Military Medal of Honour, which is equivalent to our Victoria Cross, having won it as the result of a singularly gallant affair in the Philippines. Major Wilson had his head nearly severed from his body on that occasion, and a great scar on his neck shows what a near thing it must have been for him.

The American Side

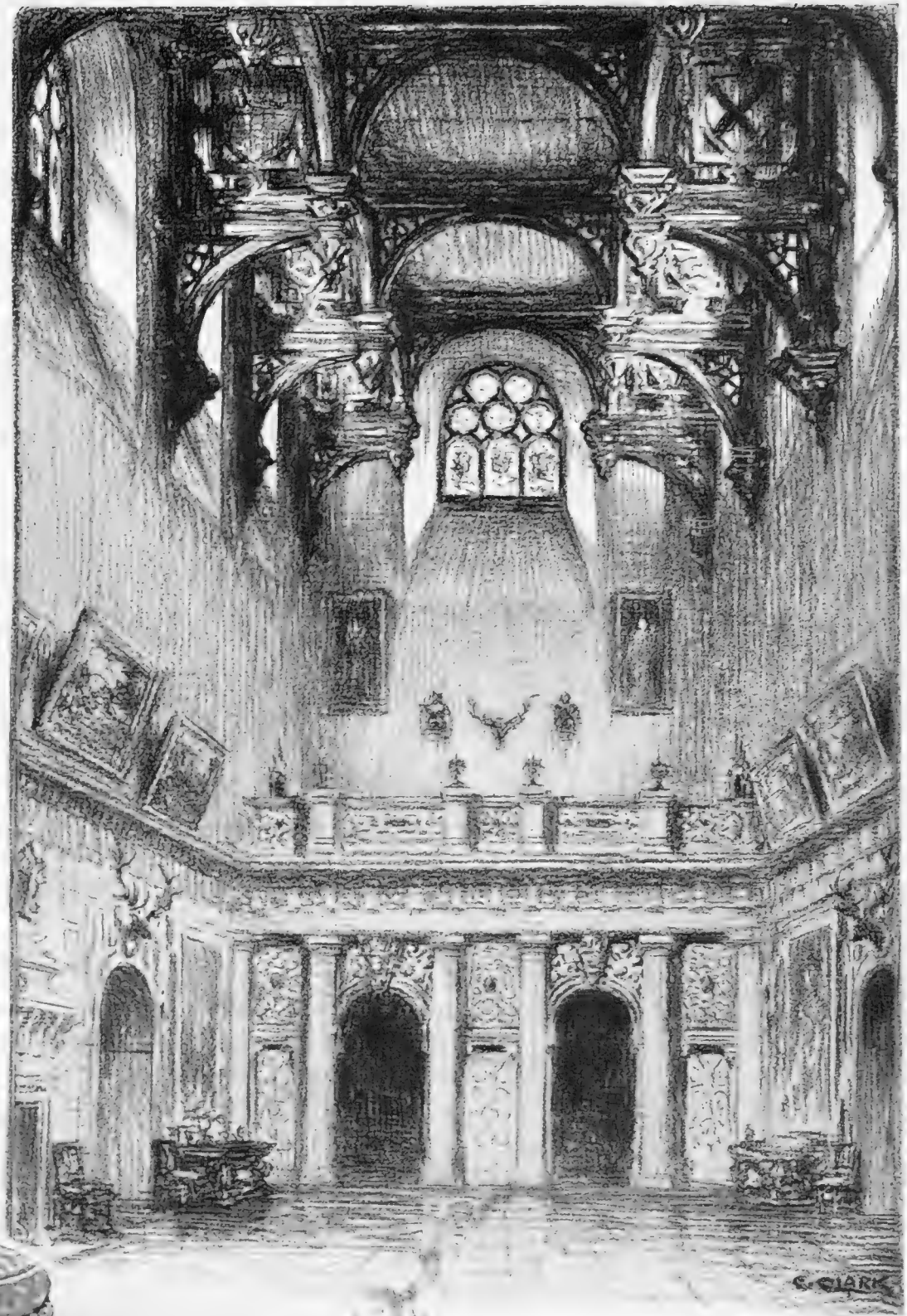
CAPTAIN GERHARDT did not completely please his captain at No. 2 in the early trial matches, and has been replaced by Lieut. E. McGinley. From what I have seen of these two players, there is not very much to choose between them. Perhaps the finest player on the side is Captain P. P. Rodes, who is always putting in unobtrusive but remarkably sound work at No. 3. He makes an admirable pivot for the team. Major Beard is extremely sound in the defence. The American side is well mounted, but I do not think it will have any advantage here over their rivals. I expect to see the British Army team win fairly decisively.

Stone for Coal

WITHIN the curtilage of a fortress in mediæval times life was truly communal. The feudal lord and his family lived in close contact with their retainers, meals were taken together in the great castle halls, and privacy of life as we know it was almost non-existent. With the Reformation, however, home life completely changed, as the altered character of Tudor domestic architecture.

One of the first buildings of this Renaissance period was Wollaton Hall, designed in radical contrast to the old fortress type with its stern forbidding walls. The well proportioned frontage is remarkable for the size and number of its windows and the graceful ornamentation of the fabric. Though the great and lofty hall of earlier times was retained with the old style hammer-beamed roof, and formed the principal feature of the house, its purpose was different. No longer was it the common dining room, but just a central meeting place, leading from the many private apartments.

The founder of Wollaton Hall was the pioneer of one great British industry. The Wollaton estate was rich in coal seams, and in exchange for his pit coal Sir Francis Willoughby obtained the stone and other material from which his house was built. These days, which saw the dawn of British commercial enterprise, saw also the introduction of "John Haig," the famous Scotch Whisky which for three hundred years has earned the praise of connoisseurs by reason of its ever present excellence of quality and perfect maturity.



The Great Hall, Woliaton, Nottinghamshire.

Round stool of carved walnut wood. In use in those days before chairs were common.

By Appointment.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

THERE were many fairy-tales in the War, but none, I suppose, which equalled that of the uncrowned King of Arabia. As you know, he was a young Oxford archæologist called Lawrence, a genius who collected an army out of the sand, blew up enemy trains as a hobby, was never to be found if wanted for ceremonial purposes, but never failed to play magician when real magic was required. His amazing career, indeed, during the War-years, suggests the more extravagant kind of romantic fiction rather than actual fact. And yet even the less credible rumours about him were hardly exaggerations of the truth. As history will show, Lawrence was one of the miracles of the War.

⁂

IT is a fact that he has written a detailed account of his adventures, but you are not likely to see copies of this particular work. Few are printed, and these, I fancy, are in the hands of his personal friends. It did so happen, however, that an American gentleman of great culture and charm was lucky enough to become intimate with Lawrence. You may remember that a short while ago this American, Lowell Thomas by name, was lecturing in this country on Lawrence and his work. Now in a lordly volume called *With Lawrence in Arabia* (Hutchinson: 21*s.* net) he gives us an elaboration of his lecture, packed full with very splendid portraits of his hero, and it is a book which nobody should miss. For here is a tale of high things, a tale of mysterious, impossible affairs, a mad dream, you would think, did you not know that it is no more than the stark truth.

⁂

IT is impossible not to be thrilled. You are shown this miraculous being as a British Colonel who knew no drill, but could have had any rank that he chose—in disguise as an Arab woman of the lowest class passing through the Turkish lines; as something more than a King. You are told of his astonishing escapes from death, of the honours that he felt called on to refuse, and of his sorrows and joys and triumphs. And you lay down Mr. Thomas's book in a sort of stupor. How on earth, you ask yourself, did it all come to be? Well, readers may answer that question in various ways, but their estimate of Lawrence himself cannot vary to any great extent, and their gratitude to Mr. Thomas will be sincere. It is a great story, told in just the right kind of way.

⁂

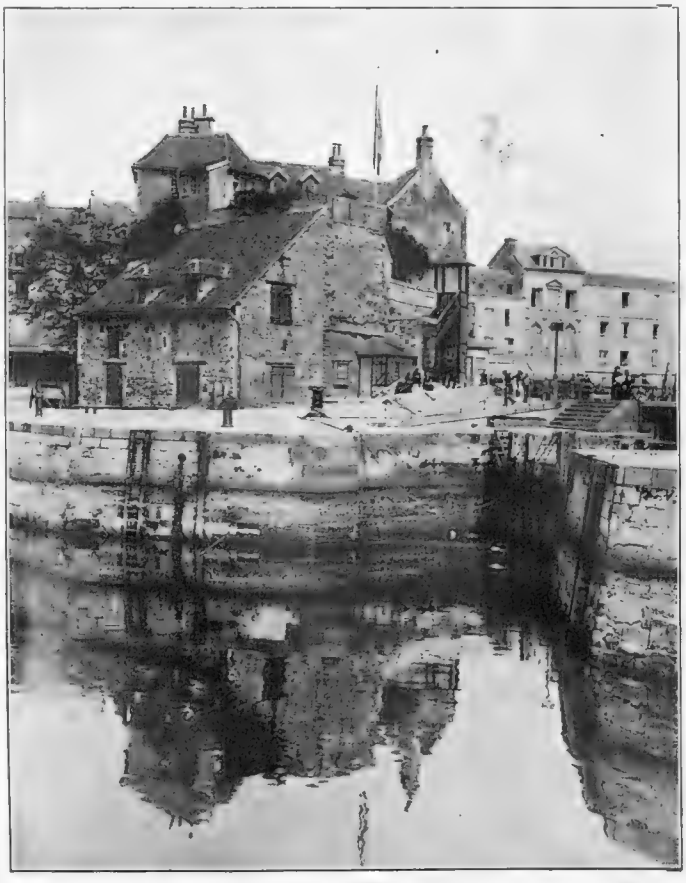
IT is fashionable in some quarters to assert that the Bolsheviks are not nearly so bad as they are painted. It is denied that their leaders have been more "unpleasant" than revolutionaries of any kind are obliged to be. I make the suggestion that in such quarters Mr. Stephen Graham's new book, *Russia in Division* (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), might be read with unusual advantage. It may be objected, I know, that Mr. Graham is hardly the man to be unbiassed, and that as his book is the result of journeyings outside the frontiers of Russia and not within them, he has no right to take up so definite a standpoint. But nobody who reads his book can possibly doubt that he is painting an authentic picture.

⁂

AND what a saddening picture it is! Russia herself gone: in her place an unclean and devilish and half-dead *thing*, surrounded by queer little border States, some possibly on the threshold of great times, but others seemingly doomed to something like extinction. Mr. Graham puts things down quite simply, and—your blood boils. You follow him round the frontiers, and begin to understand why some things are known in this country and others kept hidden from it. And because so much that was fine and noble in the old Russia is now to be found in France, there are chapters on the exiles in Paris—poignant chapters which cannot be read unmoved.

⁂

MR. GRAHAM'S pen has lost none of its power, and he is never afraid to say what is in his mind. He has not been in Russia since the War, for the simple reason that he has been refused a passport. That fact, however, detracts not one whit from the importance of his book, which is gracious and honest and of extreme interest throughout.



A HOLIDAY REFLECTION *Central Press*

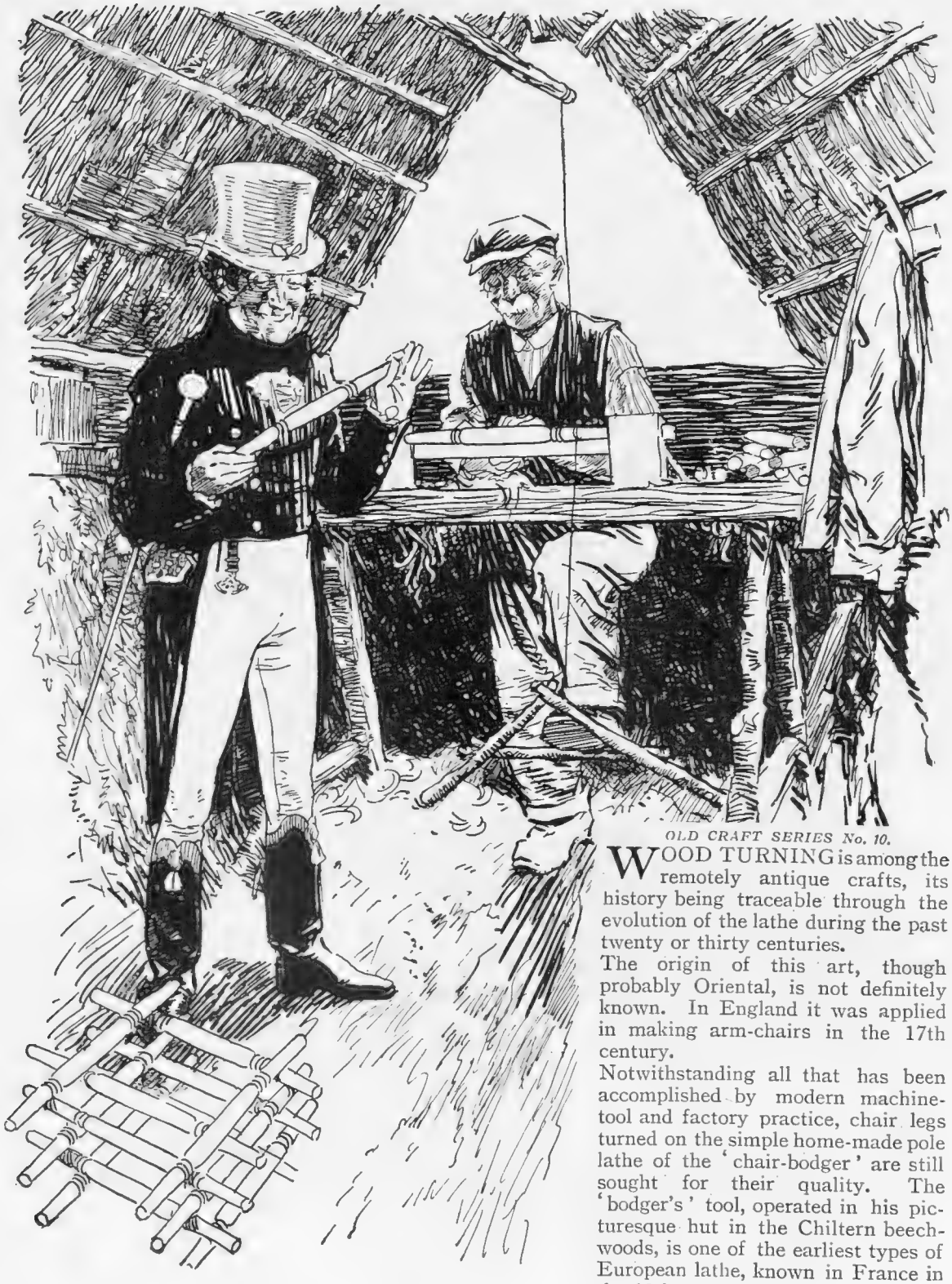
A picturesque corner of Honfleur, the quaint little eleventh-century town in Normandy, showing La Lieutenance, a part of the old castle near Bassin de l'Ouest. Normandy, with its many old-world corners and its historical connection with our own tight little island, has become very popular as an inexpensive holiday resort of recent years. The Southern Railway has now inaugurated a pleasant tri-weekly service direct from Waterloo to Caen—the best way to reach the lovely valley of the Orme

---

The Advertiser's Vade Mecum

The World of Advertising is not exactly strewn with beds of roses, and the person (or firm) who (or which) would establish a position therein must be armed to the teeth if a successful struggle is to be waged. A real aid in the battle of business is to be found in the Advertiser's A.B.C., *The Standard Advertisement Directory*, 1925 (T. B. Browne, Ltd.: 21*s.*). This book contains not only articles on advertising and a complete index and classified lists of publications in Great Britain and Ireland, but detailed directories of London and provincial newspapers, periodicals and magazines. Among other valuable features are very complete sections on the Overseas Dominions, and the American and other foreign markets.

Born 1820——Still going Strong!



OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 10.

WOOD TURNING is among the remotely antique crafts, its history being traceable through the evolution of the lathe during the past twenty or thirty centuries.

The origin of this art, though probably Oriental, is not definitely known. In England it was applied in making arm-chairs in the 17th century.

Notwithstanding all that has been accomplished by modern machine-tool and factory practice, chair legs turned on the simple home-made pole lathe of the 'chair-bodger' are still sought for their quality. The 'bodger's' tool, operated in his picturesque hut in the Chiltern beech-woods, is one of the earliest types of European lathe, known in France in the 13th century.

Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship —hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD. SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS. KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BLACK & WHITE" has a world-wide reputation based on unvarying high quality.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

Femina

"ALL-OF-A-FLUTTER" ASCOT

By "CANDIDA"

If life isn't worth living in June, then it never is, but my trouble is that I don't know where I want to live it. Sometimes, in fairy tales and legends, the gods come down and grant us poor mortals just one inadequate wish, and as there's only a minute or two to consider, poor human nature picks anything out of the rubbish heap of its unsatisfied longings. It's always the wrong thing, of course, or there wouldn't be any moral, and a fairy tale without a moral somewhere is as the jam without a pill. Therefore I believe in having my mind made up at all points, and my wishes all tidy and complete so as not to be caught napping should the gods come my way. I would ask for the gift of being in two places at one and the same time. There would be nothing like it for getting things done, nothing like it for knowing all about everything, nothing like it for enjoying oneself—if one could after that. For instance: I would choose in this perfect weather to dawdle under green trees in the country, and to have my little fling in Town. Think of June in the country and all one's missing, with the green of the trees still green enough to be beautiful, and the flowers newly painted, roses scenting the air as the poets say, and all the rest of it. May in the country is still freakish and cold, July is already stale and dusty, and as for August, perhaps, the less said about it the better. But June with its blue-and-golden days that no one sees except the cows. . . .

IN A WIGWAM—DOWN IN LONDON *Mault and Fox*

Miss Mavis Bennet as Minnehaha, alias Laughing Water, alias Mrs. Hiawatha, in the present Albert Hall production of Hiawatha. Miss Bennet, who sings a lot on the wireless, is engaged to Mr. Stamford Robinson of the B.B.C.

In Town everything happens in June. Not to go to Ascot when you're interested in frocks, and incidentally in racing—it's not to be thought of. To miss the shows which are better and better every year, though some people will have it that they're worse and worse; not to dance through the lovely summer night and see the dawn creeping over the roofs at the end of the street and wonder whether your last night's complexion is standing the strain; not to wear charming little frocks at Ranelagh and places and see the best people play at expensive games; is it, I ask you, to be thought of? Oh, to be in two places at one and the same time now that June is here!

June in Town is *the* play; the rest of the year is just so much curtain-raiser, or anti-climax, or the patriotic ending-up which sends us all struggling to our feet before we go out into the night. "It's a grand institution," or words to that effect, said a theatre attendant person to me in an expansive moment. "When they start 'God Save the King,' and everybody jumps up, the ladies always drop their fans and their purses, and sometimes their pearl necklaces, and at the end, when they've sorted things out a bit, there's nearly always something left for me to earn a reward on." Patriotism has its uses in ways that you wouldn't expect.

As I've said before, the Season's at its best and "highest" and the show's more attractive than ever it was. All the same the greater the crowd, the less I notice that look of calm insouciance, the what's-the-odds-as-long-as-I'm-happy-and-look-nice state of mind, which is, and always was, kept by the best people from Babylon onwards, I believe. Is the world too old at last to enjoy itself? Is it because of the rights of man and the ambitions of woman, or the state of the labour market, or the burden of the income tax, or the rate of the exchange? It is, alas! because it is, and if you can find me a better reason I'll thank you for it. They do say, and it's true enough, that you can buy a really nice dress at a most reasonable price if you keep the right sort of figure to hang it on, and that the new picture hats are almost as cheap as they are charming; that houses are to be had in London if not exactly for the asking, yet at any rate for the hunting; that, in short, all's right with the world, so why grumble?

If I do grumble, it's because I've had an overdose of Ascot dresses. Ascot's such a crowd nowadays that you can't see the wood for the trees, which is a pity when it's a handsome wood. What's the use of having done one's

best with lace and georgette and all the rest of it, just to be lost in the crowd? But it's nothing if it isn't a fluttering Ascot. The new femininity runs to rags. Your dress isn't a dress unless it's in printed georgette with a superfluity of stuff in the right places, not in the others, of course. The whole art of dressing depends on knowing those places. As someone's said, to be loose where you ought to be tight, and tight where you should be loose, is just a tragedy. It's quite easy to see where the looseness comes in this summer. The slightest breath of air sends millions of chiffon ends whirling madly, which is very gay and delightful, but whether it's good for the racing (if you care about the racing) is another question.

THE new hats, too, do interfere with one's enjoyment of things. Such romantic hats they are, all transparent crinoline and beautiful flowers, large hats with a "line" to them, the sort of hats which we haven't seen for years and years; the kind of hats which are delightful to wear, but make it impossible for the person behind you to see anything of life except your hat. Of course, it's very altruistic of lovely woman to look so nice and add so much to the beauty of the outlook, but . . . what's the use of grumbling, as I've said before? You can't have everything. CANDIDA

PURSUING THE EVEN TENOR OF HIS WAY

Nicola Giunta, the new Italian tenor, who is appearing at that popular, if not so very sequestered spot, the Trocadero Restaurant. It is claimed that his hands are as expressive as his voice—a tenor both ways, one might say

Ostrich Feathers to the Fore

THE High Commissioner of the Union of South Africa entertained a large assembly of representative folk to tea at the Ritz recently, where a feast for the eye was provided by a parade of mannequins dressed by Mr. Reville, of Hanover Square. The rare and exquisite quality of the plumes, the manner in which they were dyed and treated to present various aspects, aroused the utmost enthusiasm. Especially covetable were the new extremely long boas of uncurled feathers, these being worn in many divers ways. Thrown lightly across the shoulders of a grey lace frock was one shading from mauve to grey, while an old rose affair encircled the throat, the one long end being flung over the right arm.

Between Dances:

KIA-ORA
LEMON SQUASH

or when "sitting out" a dance—your guests will need cool drinks; the nicer the drinks the more grateful they will be.

The most appreciated drinks are 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash and 'Kia-Ora' Orange Squash, recognised as the best on account of the rich and true-to-name flavour and as the most convenient and the most economical in use.

To serve 'Kia-Ora' empty a bottle of 'Kia-Ora' Orange or Lemon Squash (half of each is a novelty) into a bowl or jug, add three quarts of water; this will fill from 24 to 30 glasses.

A lemon or orange cut into slices added to the bowl makes a tempting display.

If you have never bought 'Kia-Ora' you have never bought the best.

Sold throughout Great Britain at 2/2 and 1/2 per bottle.

SOLE MAKERS:
KIA-ORA LTD., Blackfriars, London, S.E.1

KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH

MACKINLAY'S Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY

ML

"There's a Highland Flavour about it"

13/6 per bottle

"Goodman Fact is allowed by everybody to be a plain-spoken person and a man of few words." —ADDISON

If "Goodman Fact" were asked to tell you what he thought of "M.L." Mackinlay's Liqueur, he would say—

"There's no use talking —TASTE IT!"

ML

Also MACKINLAY'S V.O.B. SCOTCH WHISKY 12/6 per bottle.

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., *Distillers and Blenders*, LEITH and INVERNESS. *London Address:* Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, S.W. 1 *Established over a Century.*

ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML

Since 100 Years the most perfect Instrument

A century ago the foremost musicians of the *Fourth* George's reign welcomed the establishment of the House of Chappell. The *Fifth* George's reign finds genius still as appreciative. Indeed, the master-pianists of to-day *insist* that the instrument should be a

CHAPPELL

Free Booklet, "The Piano in the Home," from Dept. B, Chappell Piano Co. Ltd., 50 New Bond Street, W.1.

Meerloo

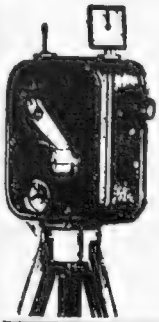
A seaside holiday in grandfather's day

was incomplete without that orthodox souvenir, the daguerreotype photograph. Rigid, austere—*lifeless.*

Came the nineties, and snapshots. Pictures that were at least *lifelike.*

And now comes the Baby Ciné—pictures that are *living!* A wonderful motion-picture camera, so simple that a child can use it, yet by no means a toy. Small—yes. Inexpensive—yes; many a toy costs far more. But fully efficient and built to last.

"Baby Ciné" CAMERA



Obtainable from all Photographic Dealers

The Camera costs only **£7-10-0**
The price of the Projector is **£6-15-0**
Films for Camera (to take 1,200 pictures) 2/3 each.

PRODUCTS OF PATHÉ CINEMA, PARIS

Pathé of France Ltd

5, LISLE STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Mighty Power—Perfectly Balanced

Dominating hills — making light of miles — the Buick engine meets superbly every demand for power and acceleration. Valve-in-head construction—used by Buick for more than twenty years—transforms into active energy each atom of petrol that enters the cylinders. There are no side-pockets in which unburned fuel may lodge.

Six-cylinders give velvety smoothness and lightning acceleration. From a pace of two miles an hour on top gear, the Buick will flash to sixty-seventy without effort. Unusual alacrity in traffic is a result, enabling the Buick owner to drive through crowded city streets at a consistently fast rate.

On the coldest morning the Buick engine will start in a few seconds, reaching top efficiency at once. This is a result of Buick's utilising the hot gases from the exhaust to warm the fuel mixture before it enters the cylinders. The amount of this heat is controlled (1) manually, from the instrument board of the car, and (2) automatically, to vary with the engine speed. Minimum fuel consumption is a further product of Buick's advanced method of carburettor heat control.

The Buick engine never overheats, even on the steepest mountain grades. A centrifugal force-feed water-pump, a radiator of large capacity, and ample jacketing-space around the cylinders keep the power plant efficiently cooled at all speeds and under all loads.

The extraordinary smoothness of the Buick engine is attained by the long piston stroke, off-set pistons, extra-large bearing surfaces, balancing of all reciprocating parts, and a system of force-feed lubrication which drives oil to every part that is subject to friction. This smoothness is accentuated for the Buick owner by the velvety multiple-disc clutch, the noiseless gearing, and the completely enclosed universal joint and drive-shaft.

Truly the "heart" of the Buick car, the Buick six-cylinder engine, stands alone and unsurpassed in the estimation of motorists. A million and a quarter Buicks have been built; and to this impressive total is being added many thousand new Buicks monthly—bought and used by owners who know the satisfaction that results from silent, smooth power which is equal to any emergency, and can be relied upon day-in and day-out, under all conditions of road and pace.

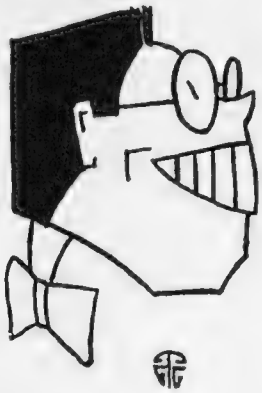
20 H.P. Six-Cylinder Tourer, £355. Saloon, £498. 27 H.P. 6-Cylinder Saloon, £675.

Buick authorised dealers serve you best.

GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED, EDGWARE ROAD, THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W. 9

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick

YOGO HAMA IN DISCURSIVE MOOD



MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

ARE it not a very deploreish fact that 1,000's who on or about a few days from these commentings shall throng in their 1,000,000's to the Horses' 3-th. International at Olympia, do not care so much as a brass bean for whether or not Hon. Sir Churchill shall put a budget on silk pyjamas and other national requisites? We are in a very awful state of

"We are in a very awful state of conditions"

conditions, Hon. Sir, which causes to show——

"Excuse me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, you must have collected a bee in your head. Hon. Budget controversials are as dead as a door or other defunct nail, so kindly to produce me some authentic sportings commentings in lieu," you impop, Hon. Sir?

All so well then, I response grimishly, let us be merry and gay like as Hon. Nero who blew tunes and suchly musical airs while Rome exploded. Not any the less, this so wicked, goodless and Bolshevik Budget——

"Having studied this case"

"Mr. Y. Hama, if you do not abstain to immediately non-propogate your private politicals, I shall genuinely bag you. I do not care a tinking person's damn for Hon. Budget, or the pyjamas tax or other sportless Acts of Parliament. Kindly to depict me some commentings on re the Wimbledon Tennis Combat," you rebark, Hon. Sir?

Very perhapsly, I ensneer, you have not succeeded to possess any silk pyjamas, but only cretonne 1's at 3/11¾ per each, non-made to fit, so you are jealous for envy. Ha, ha that causes you to blush for extremely small potatoes, I wager to bet! I can even imagine to suppose you possess not even so lower 10 pyjamas as these, but only nighting-shirts. This shall cause to make laugh with mirth——

"Stop, Mr. Y. Hama, you have achieved to commit a very non-legitimate outrage which not even your so brilliant and parallelless talents can save you from. To-morrow I shall file you a libel suiting for 1,000's of £'s, so we shall soonly make to discover who feels the most small potatoe," you repop?

Indeedly so, then I shall make you a very frightful revenging. Instead of purveying my so celebrate commentings, I shall cause same to be produced by a *locum tenens*, which are Hon. cousin name of Matsu. He are a legal student and cannot tell you a horse from an L.B.W. He now unfurls his pen as vizly re the Horses International and the Wimbledon Tennis Combat:

"I will disdain to impardon you"

I have receive a brief from re Hon. cousin name of Hama to file some informations appertaining the Olympia Horse Combat at Wimbledon. Having studied assiduously this case, I imbeg to submit that saidly combat consists itself of a fight, feud or contesting for securing a cup, belt or other lawful profits by striving to hit or project a ball the most number of times over an *impedimenta* or obstacle hereinafter called the net; or alternatively and in lieu, shall cause to jump or be jumped, a horse (*equus caballus*) over or above a fence, barrier, net or other provocation within the meaning of the Act. (See Rex v. Pop.)

Furthermore and notwithstandingly, if said ball-shooters (on or from their horses) shall cause to perform the aforementioned jumps or shoots so as to contravene, oppose or nullify (*de facto* cheat, bribe, or subvise) the laws, rules and regulatings by Hon. law establish, they shall *ex post facto*, suffer penal inflictions for punishments. And also furthermore——

"Some novel excitements at Wimbledon"

"Mr. Y. Hama, 1-ce more you have proved to show yourself the uppermost dog. Kindly to incork, imbottle or otherwisely implug this saidly cousin name of Matsu, and I shall imbeg you to impardon my so wicked and politeless temper!" you whimple, Hon. Sir?

Ha, ha, I ensnort, this shall teach you a goodish lesson to not rough shod me on the high horse. I should not suffer surprise if saidly Hon. Matsu has already succeeded to secure you a loss of or about 7.05 per cent. readers net.

"Indeedly yes, Mr. Y. Hama, I fear it extremely are so. Kindly to immediately produce some of your A.1 commentings before we lose any more %'s of readers," you deplore?

This shows how wicked and lucrativeless it are to non-control 1's passions and other carnal luxuries. I think you shall now be very more polite to me, Hon. Sir.

"Will don themselves in silk pyjamas"

"O a 1,000 times yes, Mr. Y. Hama. But I impray you to speedishly depict some informations before our so valuable spaces have become filled entirely with words," you implea?

Pax vobiscum. I will disdain to impardon you, and shall now depict some commentings as vizly, also to show how great difference it are between the gifted words of a brilliant *literati*, and the talentless disgorgings of a legal nincomepop like as Hon. Matsu. Thisly season, I comment, we may anticipate hopefully to see some novel excitements at Wimbledon in the

"The enormous jumping spectaculars"

shapes of the new Oxford bags which are now all the *mode*.

"Mr. Y. Hama, excuse me to say I are fed completely up with saidly bags. Kindly to adhere to your sporting muttons," you depose?

All so well. Thisly year all *modeish* batsters and netsters will don themselves in silk pyjamas and——

"You are a very sportless and non-pure dog, Y. Hama! I completely wash my hands from you," you ensnap?

O let us, I bemoan, strive to fervishly hope you shall succeed to bury this so wicked and non-theological temper. As I was about to depict, only everybody who is not anybody should afford to miss the Horses 3-th. International at Olympia, where we shall witness to see a non-equalled collection of equine steeds from numerous ‡'s of the globe. It are also very delicious to observe the enormous jumping spectaculars, when these so agile quadrapetals seek to vie for who shall accelerate the most highest depths over a fence for a championship.

But very much more delicious to witness even are the delicious spectacular of clowns who very profusely succeed to fall down, also to bandy each other blows and other amusing casualties which cause us to feel like

"A celebrate and suitably disguised *literati*"

infantiles and suchly tender yeared sucklings. Howeverly, the most exquisite attraction of all are the International Costers Derby for mokes. These mokes are 4-footed Fords and very esteemed by Coster, fish and other proletarian mongers because they go till they collapse in pieces.

And now for a goodish tipping. Perhapsly you shall see a celebrate and suitably disguised *literati* in saidly Derby which, if you succeed to do, it shall enormously pay you to put your odds to 1 on him. A nod are as good as a kiss to a deaf horse.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you conform to the most top-hole healths,

I remain

Yogo Hama

BY APPOINTMENT

The approval of the highest independent authorities substantiates the claim that Cerebos Salt is absolutely pure.

Cerebos SALT

The safe aperient for every day

Hunyadi does not create the "aperient habit." There is no need to go on increasing the dose. Just a wine glassful every morning will give you the **natural** salts necessary to correct all irregularities and restore tone and vigour to the whole system.

Hunyadi is Nature's own remedy—far safer and more effective than anything the manufacturing chemists can compound in their laboratories.

Hunyadi comes from the health-giving springs with nothing added and nothing taken away.

GIVE IT A TRIAL NOW!

Hunyadi János

The famous Natural Aperient Water.

2/6 per large bottle, containing many doses.
Of all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc.

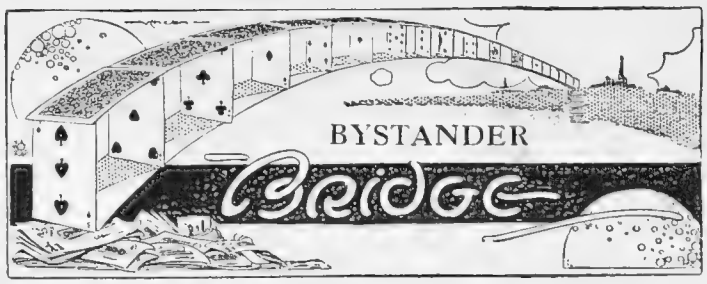
If you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to Ingram & Royle, Ltd., 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1

"It was my lucky day when I came across Craven "A"! By Jingo they're good!"
They never vary
"Some of you fellows don't know when you're well off. You can run round the corner at almost any hour of the day and replenish your supplies.
"It seems to me that every ship I've been on usually runs out of Craven 'A' somewhere in the middle of the Ocean or at least some such outlandish spot. If that happened to you occasionally you'd learn to appreciate Craven 'A' even more than you do.
"There's nothing just like 'em. I only heard a few days ago that they have a special process for putting on the cork tip. In any case I take my hat off to Carreras. They've produced the best all-round cigarette, and I can say the quality has never varied one jot during the three years I've been smoking them."
CRAVEN "A"
CORK TIPPED
Virginia Cigarettes
MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS
by Carreras. Ltd. 136 Years Reputation for Quality.
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
10 for 6d.

EVERY CLUB HAS ONE

There is a man in our club
Who thinks he's wondrous wise,
But when he plays at Auction Bridge
He does not use his eyes.
He never sees an eight discard
Nor "down and out" when played,
Yet day by day he plays away
With Lady Luck his aid.
He merely smiles when play is o'er,
Though rail do we—and cuss,
And in his note-book jots his score—
The fellow's *always* plus.

. . . . . .



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THEORY AND PRACTICE

IN an American magazine appeared a set of pictures of a Bridge professor "telling off" a gowk about his various mistakes. It goes something like this:

THE EXPERT: "When you led the seven of Diamonds, your partner naturally assumed you had the eight, ten, Jack, and Queen. You should have led him the King of Spades. When Mr. Wormril discarded the three of Clubs you must have known he had four Hearts to the King. On the second hand of the first rubber I noticed you discarded the six of Clubs on the second Heart led. The eight of Clubs was the only higher card out. If you had held your six you would have made both your four and your deuce of Clubs good. On the first hand of the third rubber you held the Jack, ten, nine, two of Hearts, the King, Queen, two of Clubs, the eight, seven, three of Diamonds, and the nine, six, four of Spades. You led your fourth best Heart. You should have led the Jack."

THE GOWK: "By the way, Professor, how much did you win last evening?"

THE PROFESSOR: "I lost 48 dollars odd."

THE GOWK: "I cleaned up an even 50 dollars. Well, don't get discouraged, Professor, I lose *myself* now and then!"

This is hardly an exaggeration of a phenomenon one frequently witnesses at Bridge—the bad player succeeding against the good. The old proverb says that a little learning is a dangerous thing. But I am inclined to think that the converse is true, and that it is possible to know too much—at any rate in theory. Your ardent theorist is sometimes over-weighted with the burden of his knowledge. He loses his agility and elasticity.

Facts, we know, do not always square with theory. The things that ought to happen at Bridge don't always happen. Some knowledge of mathematical probabilities and the laws of chances is certainly a valuable possession. It is useful to know the correct odds for or against this or that. But this knowledge will not carry you very far against good players. Arithmetic is a good servant but a bad master. Senior wranglers are seldom good Bridge players.

In actual play the sound theorist is beaten by the player who knows little or nothing of theory, who plays by the light of reason and commonsense, and above all by his knowledge of human nature.

It is a strange fact, too, that some of the brainiest and most brilliant men are often duffers at Bridge.

. . . . . .

Flair at Bridge is difficult to define. You can only say that some people have it and some have not. I know a happy-go-lucky man who has not even learnt the ordinary conventional leads at the game who has won money at Bridge over a period of years. He makes the most "incorrect" bids and you never know what he is leading from, but somehow he usually contrives to win. At any rate, he has a happy air of success about him, and this imparts itself in some subtle indefinable fashion to his partner and opponents alike. When you cut him as partner you have a comfortable feeling that you are going to win. Personally, I suspect him of being a deeper student of human nature than he will admit, or that he possesses an instinctive intuition about his fellow-men. His opponents get very angry with him at times, but he does not mind in the least. He is impervious to arguments, to theories and reasons. He does most things he ought not to do—in theory. And they generally come off.

I am not advising you to follow his example. But the point I would make is that practice is worth more than theory. The successful player knows when to depart from theory. He plays men as well as cards.

. . . . . .

Take this matter of leads to which I have referred. It is seldom, in defence, wise to depart from the recognised leads, when it may deceive your partner, but there are occasions when it pays to do so. Here is a case. Score: Game all. Y, Z 20 in rubber game. Z deals and calls "One No-Trumps"; A "Two Hearts"; Y "Two No-Trumps." All pass. It is A's lead and he holds: S—6, 3, 2. H—A, K, Q, 10, 9, 8. D—7, 5. C—K, 3.

What should he lead? The conventional accepted lead is the King of Hearts. But A knew that Y held a guard in Hearts—probably four to the Jack, and some good outside cards to support his partner's No-Trumper. He, therefore, led the nine of Hearts. Dummy's hand went down and contained four Hearts to the Jack and splendid support in the other suits. What was the Declarer to do? He had two small Hearts himself, and he must suppose from the lead that B has a honour in the suit. So he played a small Heart from Dummy, and, in consequence, A made six Heart tricks straight off the reel and saved game and rubber.

Now this incident actually occurred. Your hard and fast rigid theorist would disapprove of the play.

. . . . . .

As a counterblast to the record of a reader I gave in THE BYSTANDER who made five grand slams in succession, a Harrogate correspondent gives particulars of an unfortunate experience the other way. Playing from eight o'clock until midnight he and his partner did not score a single point either above or below the line. This is a truly remarkable occurrence, and should be a comfort to those of us who imagine that Fate has singled us out for misfortune!

THE ALL-PARTIES LUNCHEON TO "THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE"

A pleasant example, "after Phiz's picture of Weller and his friends [drinking to Mr. Pell," of the work of Mr. A. W. Lloyd, the well-known political cartoonist of Punch, now on exhibition at the Sporting Galleries, 32, King Street, Covent Garden

"BP" Persian Series, No. 9

[From an orig nal drawing by CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

Petroleum as a Weapon

Among the horrors of war in ancient times in Persia was the burning pitch which defenders hurled from the battlements upon their besiegers. No armour could keep it out. No shield was a sufficient protection against its penetrating flame.

The artist has reconstructed the scene of a great assault upon the walls of an ancient citadel—the moving tower from which the attackers are trying to leap out upon the battlements, the roof of hides under which the battering-ram bursts its way into the foundations, the myriad flying arrows, the huge stones hurtling from the catapults, and, lighting it all and adding to its terrors, the flames of burning pitch.

Gone are the captains and the kings. Their citadels are crumbled to dust. But to-day, more than ever in their ancient world, petroleum plays a commanding part, both in war and peace. It has, in fact, become a vital necessity of security and progress. A great English oil-pioneer, William Knox D'Arcy, foresaw its importance and in 1901 obtained from the Shah of Persia the concession on which has been built up the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

It is from the wells of this Company that the crude oil is brought to Great Britain to be refined at Llandarcy, in South Wales, into "BP," the British Petrol. There is no better motor spirit made, and it is a British national asset secured and developed by the enterprise and foresight of British pioneers.

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THE SALUKI AT HOME

Captain Davidson with two of his Afghan Hounds in one of the planes which saw service in the recent Waziristan campaign

OFFICIAL POPPYCOCK

OLD AGE IN DOGS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

ALWAYS a risky stock and frequently qualifying for the wildcat list, there's no doubt generalisations on more or less technical themes (like tonsils or the reduction of obesity) do tend to become dangerous when given publicity over official signatures. Thus, The Kennelman finds himself much in sympathy with the gallant Colonel (and Dog-breeder) in Suffolk who writes regarding a recent *communiqué* from the National Canine Defence League:

"It may be permissible, even if too obvious to be necessary, to 'tell the world' that 'in warm weather Dogs need plenty of water,' but doesn't it rather imply official approval of a thoroughly bad practice to add: 'Let the watch-dog off the chain as much as possible'? The chain is a relic of barbarism, anyhow, and such authorities on watch-dog training as Colonel Richardson have clearly shown how unnecessary its use is. Worse than this, however, from a supposed authority, is the mischievous and totally unpractical dietary instruction: 'Not too much cooked meat, and no raw meat at all.' The further absurdity: 'Any vegetables except potatoes' is bad enough, and 'not too much' is, of course, mere silliness. As though 'too much' ever could be good!"

The League Secretary may consider this severe criticism; but it's justifiable. At no season of the year should Dogs be deprived of meat; and at no season can they derive benefit from "any vegetables except potatoes." On the contrary, only a very few vegetables are suitable or of any use for them. *Selah!*

Who is the oldest canine inhabitant of these islands? Shepherds and gamekeepers will give you yarns of Dogs past their twentieth year; but pedigrees and written records of birth are all to seek. Prince, a Terrier belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Buttery, of Ridling Street, Hyde, has recently departed at the age of 19 years, 6 months and 11 days, and the Manchester Dogs' Home records a death at 17 years. Can Prince's record be beaten—authentically?

The varying popularity of different breeds naturally interests most doggy folk, and the number of Challenge Certificates offered at Shows for the different breeds forms a good rough indication. Here are a few of the figures (approximate) for this year: Beagles, Curly Retrievers, Sussex Spaniels, Gordon Setters, Newfoundlands, 4 each. Fox Terriers (Wire) 38, (Smooth) 26, Airedales 32, Pekingese 32, Alsatians 30, Cockers 29, Sealyhams 26, Bulldogs 22.

"We *are* getting cosmopolitan," declares a Ladies' Kennel Association reader of these Notes. "What *would* our forefathers have said of the 'national' Bulldog being rivalled in popularity, and even beaten, in some quarters, anyhow, by the French Bulldog? Well, he's an irresistible little gallant. And then look at the Irish Wolfhounds booming, and the Cairns and the Kerry Blues, not to mention Sealyhams, now as the sands of the seashore for numbers. Even the Wire-haired Fox-Terrier is getting nervous about it, they say, and begins to rail against my lady Fashion!"

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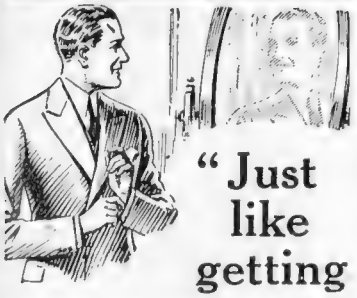

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MOTOR NOTES

STARTING DUTY

Lieut.-Col. Warwick Wright, D.S.O., at the wheel of his new Sunbeam. The car is one of the latest 3-litre models and is fitted with a special W.ymann body built by the Sunbeam Company

HEAT waves are all very well in their way, but the unexpected advent of hot weather suddenly introduced the problem of "How to keep cool when driving." Weather conditions are usually on the chilly side, and thus most British manufacturers give the driver a long enclosed scuttle where the heat from the "works" will keep his extremities warm. With the sun shining strongly and the tar—I beg its pardon, bitumen—bubbling from the roads, special arrangements have to be made to keep cool. Scuttle ventilators help quite a lot, but they should be screened with gauze so that the atmosphere is strained and the various insects cannot enter the car.

* * *

DURING a recent outburst of real summer I was driving a car which could easily exceed 80 m.p.h., yet I had the greatest difficulty in keeping reasonably cool. I finally found the best solution consisted of opening the scuttle ventilator and the top of the windscreen, and adjusting the lower panel forward so that a draught of air was shot into the cockpit. This functioned very satisfactorily until the sun began to set, and then myriads of flies, gnats, midges, etc., arose in their thousands, and plastered themselves — committing *hara-kiri*—on the headlamps and the windscreen. The survivors shot, in an almost solid stream, into the interior of the car. A friend of mine with a closed car has little reason to love these midges. When he opened the front screen the coupé was immediately filled with insects, which the passenger endeavoured to spillicate on the windows, and when he closed the front glass they were both threatened with asphyxiation. The solution would appear to be a fine-mesh gauze screen, used in a similar way to mosquito nets.

AFTER the wonderful efforts of the six-cylinder sports two-litre A.C. in securing the world's twenty-four hour record for Great Britain, it is rather sad, from a patriotic point of view, to know that this record has once again gone abroad. As, however, the new record was secured by so famous a car as the standard 45 h.p. Renault, our regrets are somewhat mitigated. The Renault put up an exceptionally good performance. For twelve weary hours round the track, driven alternately by two drivers, the car averaged over 97½ miles per hour. The average speed for the full twenty-four hours was over 87½ miles per hour. The A.C., of course, still retains the record in its class, but is denied the honour of holding the world's record. Having previously secured four world's records, the Renault in its latest trip added nine additional ones, making a total of thirteen world's records, a number which should not be at all unlucky to Renault!

* * *

A NEW and improved model of the 14 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley has recently been introduced. The most notable alterations are that it now has

(*Continued on page 970*)

A WELL-BALANCED "DIET"

Both the car and the human body respond to a well-balanced diet.

The use of an ill-balanced motor spirit, with the hydrocarbons in the wrong proportions, may not prevent a car from arriving at its destination, but it will reduce power and mileage, and affect running and acceleration.

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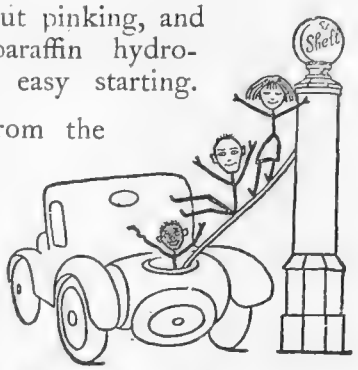

The new booklet, "The Three Hy-dro-car-bons," tells an instructive story. For a free copy write to Dept. K 8 Shell Mex, Ltd., G.P.O. Box 148, Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2.

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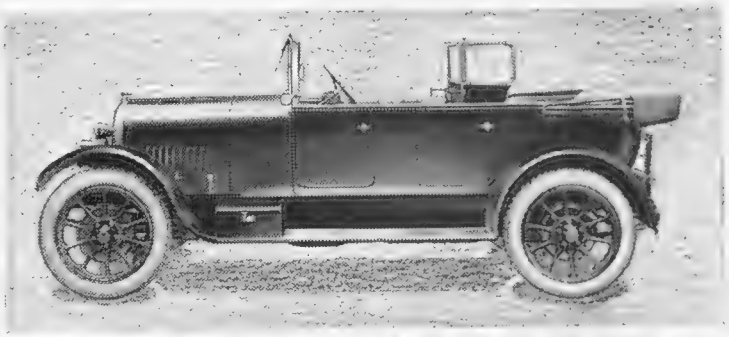

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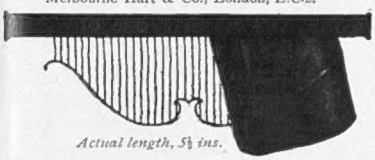

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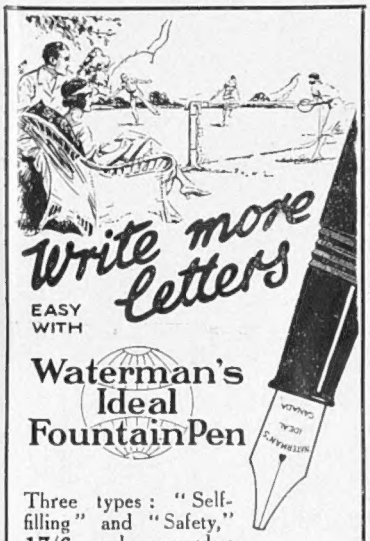

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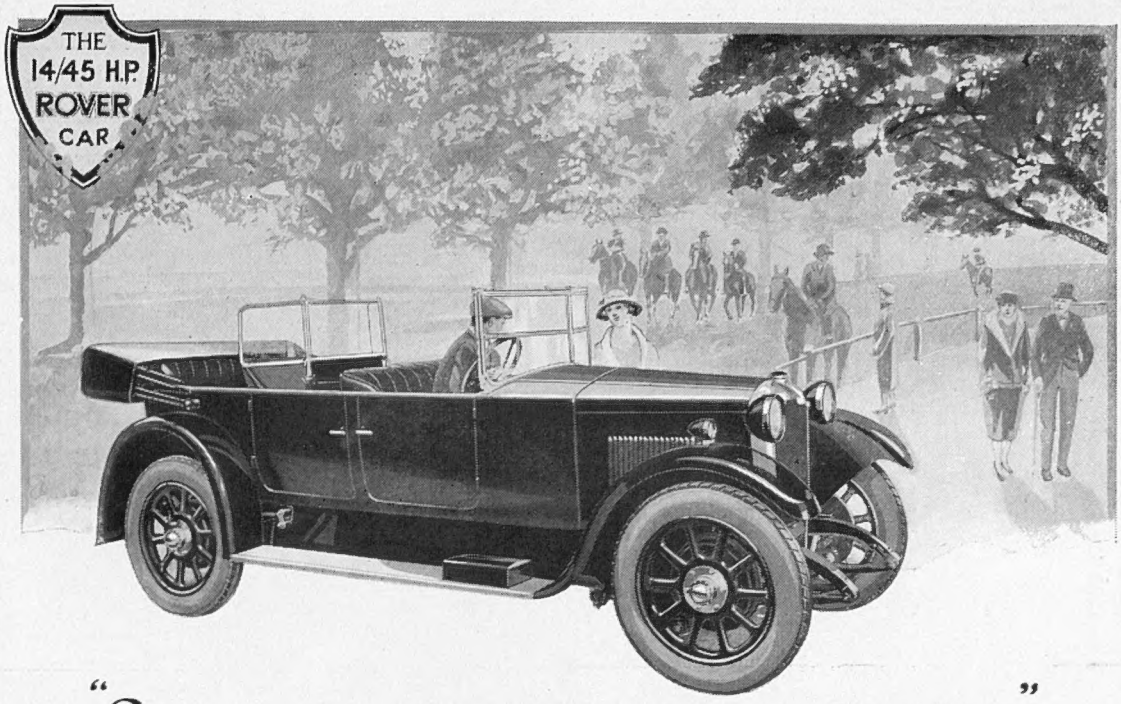

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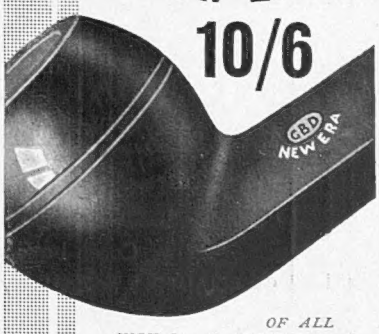

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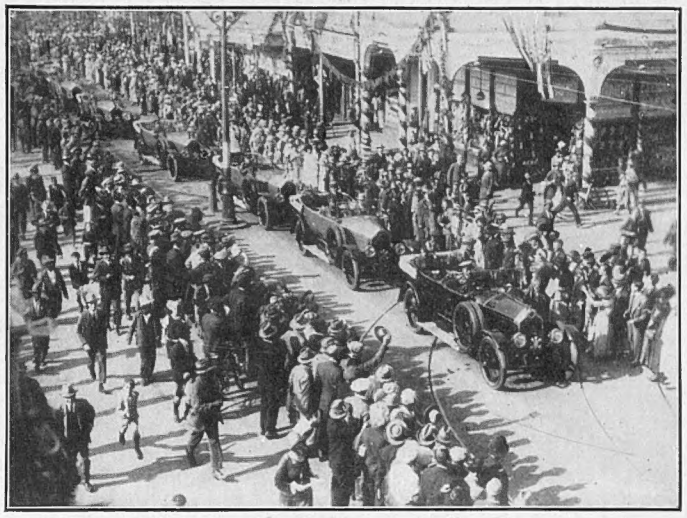
semi-elliptic springs, four-wheel brakes and improved coachwork. Minor modifications have been made in the engine and transmission, with the object of securing better performance, but the major alterations in the frame, springing, braking, and body work are of particular interest. The first result of these alterations is that the appearance is considerably improved. The next is that the car can be handled more easily and also greater comfort is provided. With all these improvements the car can still be obtained for less than £400, the exact price being £395, the equipment including a rear windscreen, a vertical petrol gauge, spring gaiters, a screen wiper, and a well-fitted instrument board.

* *
*

IT is not often that a car is entered for only three races at Brooklands, and is successful in gaining a "place" in each. Yet this was the record of the 20-70 h.p. Crossley at the Whit-Monday Brooklands meeting. The car was fitted with a four-seater body, and, with the exception of minor details, such as the removal of mudguards and unwanted accessories, was identical with the ordinary 20-70 h.p. model which is sold to the public. Driven by Mr. Leon Cushman, the car won its first race by 10 yards at a speed of over 81 m.p.h. In its second race the handicapper lopped a few seconds off its start, and the Crossley was second. In the third race the Crossley suffered a still further penalty for its success, and finally secured third place. The speed of 81 m.p.h. is an excellent one for a sports four-seater.



A CAPE TOWN TURN-OUT

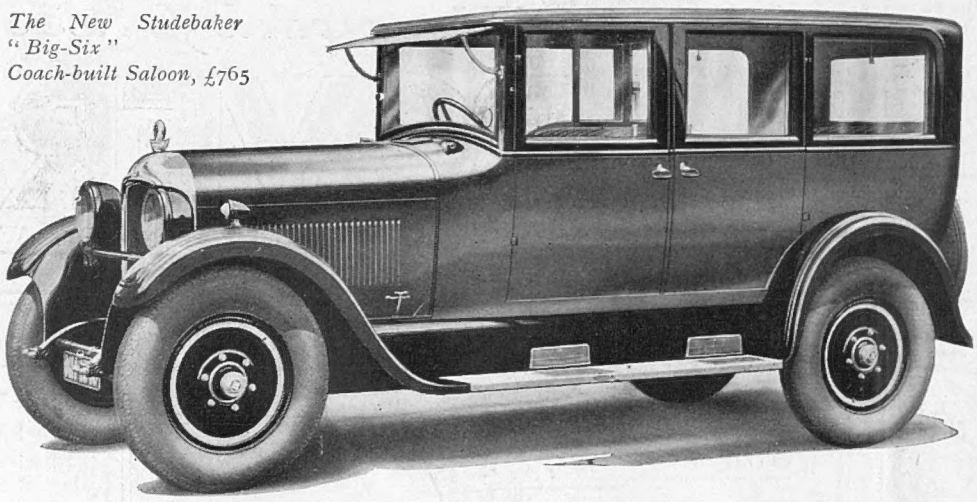
The Cape Town crowds cheering the Prince of Wales as he is driven along Darling Street after visiting the City Hall. The Prince is seen in the foremost of the six Crossley cars used on the Royal Tour

* *
*

SPEAKING of sporting cars reminds me of the affection which I have always held for the 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall. I recently had the latest model of this famous make in my charge, and I can well understand the potent attraction of this car for those who require speed with comfort. It is not a racing car, although it is capable of a very high speed. It is one of the easiest cars to control that I have ever driven. So light is the steering and so easy the control that long distances can be covered at a most respectable speed without any ill-effect being felt by the driver. Capable as it is of speeds in excess of 80 m.p.h., it is naturally fitted with springing suitable for such speeds, and is therefore inclined to be somewhat stiff at very low speeds. Yet with the accelerator well down and the open road before one, it is one of the most comfortable cars I have ever driven, whatever the conditions of the road's surface. In spite of its great capacity for speed the 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall can be driven smoothly at 7 m.p.h. on top gear, it can be stopped in a remarkably short distance owing to the excellent four-wheel brakes, while the acceleration which it possesses, given intelligent use of the gear-box, is positively amazing. Friends of mine who own these cars tell me that one of its chief charms is the fact that it retains its "tune," and does not require constant tinkering.

GEORGE C. STEAD

The New Studebaker "Big-Six" Coach-built Saloon, £765



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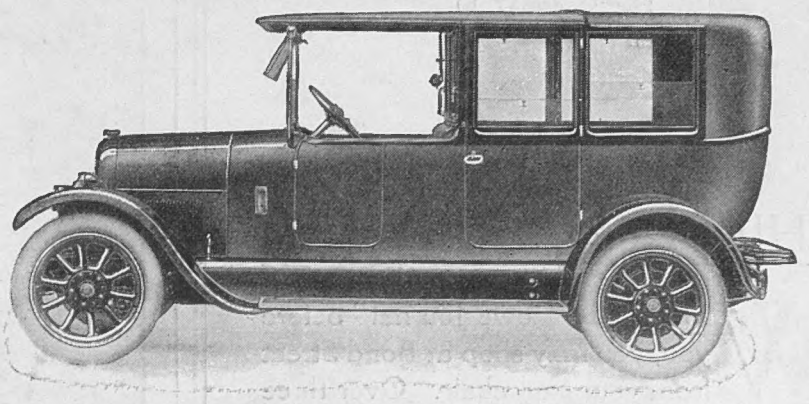

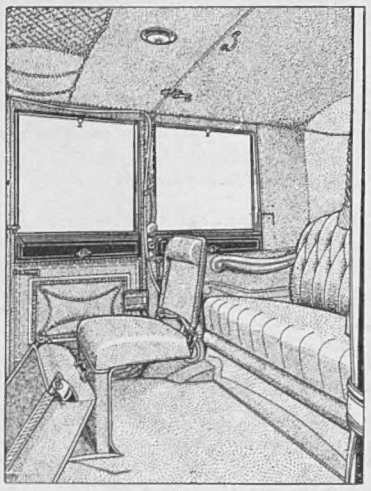

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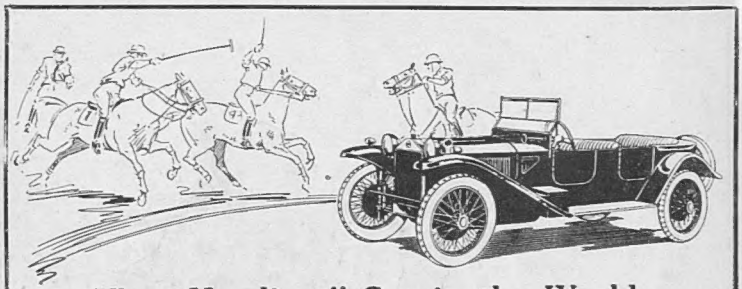

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"I do not wonder that the 'Lambda' has a great vogue amongst sporting people in this country. *It is a wonderful Car.*"

—W. G. ASTON, in *Polo Monthly*, May, 1925.

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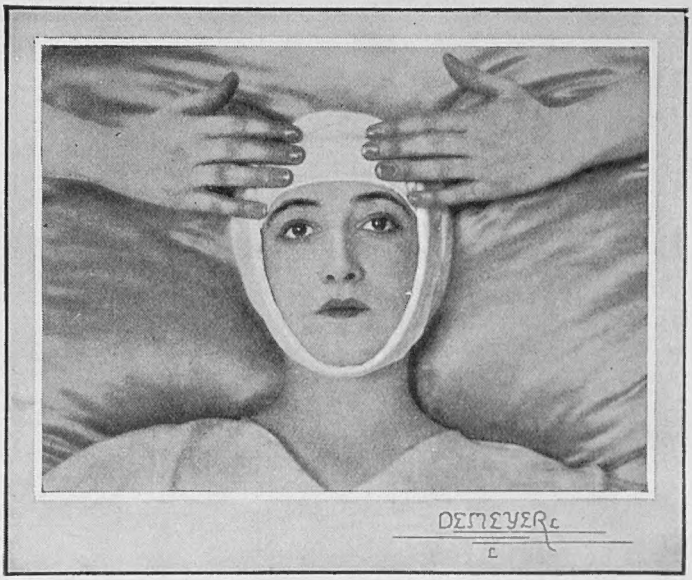
Wembley: Stand A41 Palace of Industry. *Paris: 24 Avenue de l'Opéra.*



An ELIZABETH ARDEN *Treatment*
Photographed in Paris by Baron DeMeyer

Says ELIZABETH ARDEN:
"A fine clear skin is your loveliest possession

Care for it to preserve it, to improve it, to keep it always fresh and firm and smooth and young."

A lovely skin is the proud symbol of a body in joyous good health. And so, as a fundamental part of her scientific method, Elizabeth Arden has created a Department of Exercise, to teach you how to mould your figure in youthful lines, to strengthen and stimulate every important organ, to waken swift circulation, to care for your skin from *within*.

Then your scientific care of the skin from *without* will be doubly effective. An Elizabeth Arden Treatment is based on three important steps. Cleansing, with *Venetian Cleansing Cream*, to rid the pores of all impurities, which cause blackheads and coarseness. Toning, with *Ardena Skin Tonic* or *Special Astringent*, to close the pores, tighten the skin, and lift and firm the contour. Nourishing, with *Orange Skin Food* or *Velva Cream*, to keep every skin cell full and firm, and to prevent or correct the wrinkles and lines of impoverished tissues. These same three steps should be a part of your daily care of the skin at home.

If you cannot come to the Elizabeth Arden Salon for treatments and instruction, write describing the characteristics and faults of your skin and figure. Elizabeth Arden will outline for you a corrective course of Self Treatments which will bring you wonderful results.

Elizabeth Arden recommends these Preparations for your care of the skin at home

Venetian Cleansing Cream and Ardena Skin Tonic. The perfect combination for cleansing and refreshing the skin. Cleansing Cream, 4/6, 8/6, 12/6. Skin Tonic, 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles and lines. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins; nourishes without fattening. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Venetian Crême de France and Lille Lotion. A new combination, gives a soft, smooth, natural bloom to the skin. Crême de France, 4/6; Lille Lotion, in six shades, 6/6. 10/6

Poudre d'Illusion. Exquisite powder, fine, pure. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *White*, and a new becoming shade called *Minerva*, 12/6.

Write for a copy of "The Quest of the Beautiful," Elizabeth Arden's book describing the correct care of your skin according to her famous method.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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